The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1891.

The Week.

THE official announcement of Mr. Blaine's continued invalidism, which is made by President Harrison in his message to the Dominion authorities, postponing for that reason the reciprocity conference which had been arranged for October 12, calls attention to the remarkable conduct of the Secretary of State in holding on to an office the duties of which he is unable to discharge. It was on the 4th of May last that Mr. Blaine left the Department, and the fifth month since that day is now completed. Mr. Blaine still lingers in Maine, and there is so little prospect of an early resumption of work on his part that the President is forced to ask an indefinite postponement of an important conference with representatives of another country which had been arranged to take place on the 12th of October. The spectacle of a man retaining the name of a member of the Cabinet, while allowing half a year to pass without discharging its duties, is without a precedent in our history.

One thing may be considered as settled by the President's announcement, and that is that Mr. Blaine's nomination as the Republican candidate next year is entirely out of the question. The first requisite in a candidate for the Presidency is that he shall be well. No party would ever dare to offer the people as its nominee for that office a man who the year before had broken down in attempting to discharge the far less wearing duties of Secretary of State, and had been forced to abandon the national capital for a period of more than five months. Republican politicians who, for one reason or another, are disgusted with Harrison, may continue to free their minds by loud cheers for Blaine whenever they assemble, but nobody can longer suppose that there is anything serious in their talk about the party's nominating this confirmed invalid for the Presidency.

We print in another column a very serious charge against Admiral Brown, which we trust, for the honor of the American Navy, is capable of some explanation. It comes from an American resident in Santiago, and he fortifies it by sending us the Chilian newspaper to which he refers. If true, it adds another very unpleasant chapter to the history of our connection with this Chilian trouble, and makes it appear that every American official in Chili went headlong, under Egan's lead, into Balmaceda's conspiracy against the Chilian republic—the only "sister republic" in this hemisphere which has done any credit to popular government. It was, of course, of the utmost importance to the Congressionalists that the place and time of the landing of their troops should be concealed as long as possible from Balmaceda, and of the utmost importance to Balmaceda to get as early information about both as he could. The duty of a neutral under such circumstances was to refrain absolutely, no matter what he saw or heard, from giving any information to either side that could affect the operations. If Admiral Brown used the *San Francisco* to scout for Balmaceda, he ought to be inquired into. But one of the unfortunate results of the reckless, furibundal foreign policy of this Administration is, that, after it recovers from its fits of Jingoism and gets its head clear, it finds itself committed so completely to some piece of folly that it cannot for very shame back out or acknowledge its error. So we are afraid that even a complaint against the Admiral by Chili now would be met by horn-tooting, tom-tom beating, and other signs that "we are awake" and feeling very "American."

It must be borne in mind that Egan's giving shelter to political refugees in the American Legation at Santiago cannot of itself get him into trouble. This right of asylum for offenders against the State in the house of foreign ministers, though long abolished in other countries, has been maintained in Spain and in the Spanish-American republics, probably as a means of mitigating the horrors of their numerous revolutions. Members of all parties have occasion, in their turn, to be grateful for it. It gave Balmaceda his refuge in the Argentine Legation. Mr. Fish tried to get the Powers to agree to abolish it in Central and South America in 1870, but did not succeed. It has undoubtedly rendered some service to humanity in Chili during the present crisis, as it did in Spain during the Carlist and Christinist war, and even later. But the more powers of this kind—necessarily delicate in their nature—are conferred on ministers in foreign parts, the more necessary it is that the ministers should be men of high character and absolute trustworthiness. To intrust great discretion or responsibility of this kind to wandering adventurers of shady antecedents is something which no Christian Power but the United States of America would now venture to do. So that the charge against Egan is not that he has improperly sheltered political refugees, but that he is Egan. When he admits that he is Egan, he virtually pleads guilty to all sorts of diplomatic offences, and asks by implication for his own recall.

The action of the Legislative Investigating Committee in Pennsylvania in so restricting their inquiry into the conduct of the State Treasury as to make it impossible to put Senator Quay on the witness-stand, calls forth a stern rebuke from Mr. Childs's paper, the *Public Ledger*, which thus gives further evidence of its determination to have the whole truth brought to light. The *Ledger* says that if anything further were needed to justify Gov. Pattison's course in calling an extra session of the Senate, this proceeding of the Committee would supply it; that the Committee "was bound by every consideration of good public policy, by the solemn official obligations of every one of its members, to exhaustively investigate" the charges of fraud, and to give the examination "whatever scope was necessary to the discovery of the whole truth, no matter what political organization or what person was helped or hurt by it"; and that, taking into consideration the remarkable conduct of the Committee and the adverse criticisms of partisan journals on the Governor's proclamation, "it may well be questioned if organs or leaders could be guilty of greater or more disastrous folly than they have been in connection with the official fraud and maladministration which have inflicted such enormous losses upon the State and city, and which have so greatly dishonored both."

Gov. Pattison's determination to demand from Canada the extradition of Livsey, the fugitive cashier of the Pennsylvania Treasury, is a wise one. He is one of the witnesses whom the Senate will most need if it is going to get at the truth about the connection between Bardsley and the State Treasury. It is also said to be the Governor's intention to have H. H. Yard, who is under indictment for complicity with Bardsley, brought forward and made to testify. Yard was brought before the Philadelphia Investigating Committee, but was not compelled to testify. He is the man who was concerned in real-estate speculations with Lucas, the dead President of the Keystone Bank, who robbed it of $997,000; and it has also been shown that John Wanamaker once lent him one of the bogus certificates of Keystone stock which he (Wanamaker) held as security for the money he had advanced to Lucas in their celebrated Reading "deal." Yard is, therefore, a connecting link between Wanamaker, and Lucas, and Bardsley, and the Keystone Bank, and, if he can be forced to tell all he knows, there will be some interesting developments.

The funeral of William H. Kemble, of "addition, division, and silence" fame, took place near Philadelphia on Sept. 30. The attendance was very large, and the exercises were conducted by three clergymen, two of whom delivered eulogistic addresses. The first speaker, the Rev. Dr. Charles Wadsworth, said:

"William H. Kemble was a large man and he filled a large place. Now that he is dead a large vacancy has been created. He will be greatly missed in the business community.

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Our friend had a large heart, but he didn't carry it upon his sleeve. It was often felt by those who knew him. He will be missed especially by the poor. His left hand never knew what his right did. There will be many poor who will go hungry this winter who would not had he lived. Our friend did not give his name to the church, but he manifested his love for the religion of God by his many gifts to charities and the cause of religion."

The second speaker, the Rev. Dr. S. A. Mutchmore, said:

"One of the sublime elements of our character is that we do not know what we are fitted for. If, at twenty-two years of age, William H. Kemble had been told what places he would fill in life, he would have said, No, I am not fitted for them. A large tree in a forest when it falls causes a great commotion and makes the smaller trees feel it. Mr. Kemble was like the big tree. He had filled out the circle of his life, and had done his work."

Both of these reverend gentlemen knew when they were saying these things that the man of whom they were saying them had confessed, only a few years ago, that he was guilty of a crime which ought to have confined him to a cell in the penitentiary for several years, instead of allowing him to "fill a large place in life." They knew that he was charged with having bribed members of the Legislature to vote in favor of a bill taking $4,000,000 from the State Treasury, with the understanding that half the amount should go to Quay and Kemble and the other men who sought to bribe the bill through. They knew that he had in court pleaded guilty to the charge, but fled before sentence could be pronounced, and had been pardoned by a Board of Pardons of which Quay was a member, before entering upon his term of imprisonment. What wonder that the influence of the clergy is declining when two of its most prominent representatives in one of the foremost cities in the land stand up and say of such a man that he had "manifested his love for the religion of God" by his acts, if not by his profession, and that he was like a big tree among small trees? One of these reverend eulogizers, the Rev. Dr. Mutchmore, as editor of the *Presbyterian*, has been a severe critic of the Rev. Dr. Briggs, and has been profoundly concerned lest that clergyman's unorthodox views should do harm to the cause of religion.

The fall meeting of the Presbytery of New York may easily prove to be the most momentous in its history, and the peculiar composition of the ecclesiastical court before which Prof. Briggs is now being tried for heresy deserves a word of comment. Comprising but 55 churches, the Presbytery numbers 160 ministers. More than half of the latter, accordingly, have no pastoral charge, and are either superannuated or serving as secretaries, editors, professors, librarians, or in other capacities. Of them all, thirty-three are non-resident, though eligible to vote if their attendance can be secured. Such a state of things does not appear to have been contemplated in the original theory of Presbyterianism, which provides for the constitution of Presbyteries out of the churches of a given locality and their pastors and elders. Indeed, there are still some strict constructionists who maintain that only ministers actually in charge of a church have a right to vote in Presbytery; but they are in a hopeless minority, and the right of the secretaries and editors to an equal voice with pastors is conceded. The important thing to note, however, is that, while the make-up of the New York Presbytery leaves it a doubtful exponent of the real views of the churches, it also invites to extraordinary methods of electioneering in important cases. The side that can drum up the greatest number of absentees and rout out the most valetudinarians, and can "hold its men in line" through a protracted trial, is the side that wins the fight. The significance of the vote—64 to 62—by which it was decided to go on with the trial, which is now set for November 4, lay in the fact that the laymen outvoted the ministers, thus preventing the attempt to cover up a fire which cannot be smothered.

The "holy boycott" of Union Theological Seminary is evidently to be enforced in the most thorough manner. The Presbyteries are beginning to put the strongest kind of pressure upon students to induce or compel them to keep away from the instructions of Prof. Briggs, and are voting, one after another, that no pecuniary aid shall be given by the church to any one studying at Union Seminary. This issue was sure to come, and the benevolent boards of the church that have been standing aloof from the controversy cannot escape being drawn into it. It will not be long before the Board of Home Missions will be warned not to give employment to any Union student, and the Board of Foreign Missions not to send abroad any young minister with the dangerous Briggs infection. Thus the main features of the Andover dispute will be revived, and the argument of pike and gun —in the form of its modern equivalent, the argument of salary and position—will be resorted to. It might seem that there could be no surer way of driving theological students to Union Seminary in crowds than to threaten them in such an ignoble way. One would think that every fibre in a student of really open mind would resent the unblushing appeal to unworthy motives. But we fear that the Presbyteries know their men. Theological students as a class are financially dependent. They often enter the seminary compromised by assistance already accepted, and have the fear of the ecclesiastical authorities constantly before their eyes. It must have been one of this class who is reported to have said the other day, with that perfect unconsciousness of trying to serve both God and Mammon which marks so many utterances on the subject: "The students in Union Seminary greatly respect Prof. Briggs and sympathize with his views to a certain extent, but not to the extent of siding with him if by so doing they would lose their chance of getting good places in the church."

Bishop Potter, in a notable diocesan charge, dwells at some length upon the question of a minister's duty when he finds himself out of harmony with the creed of his church. As was to be expected, the Bishop shows little patience with the view that one can play fast and loose with the most solemn obligations, but he suggests a possible third course, between withdrawal and remaining, which seems to us highly impracticable. Let the troubled clergyman, says Bishop Potter, temporarily retire from active service in his church, until he has come to positive convictions on the questions in dispute. This is a perfectly proper and theoretically excellent piece of advice, but it is so out of keeping with the actual conception of the ministerial character that it must be regarded as barren. The minister is not considered as a learner; his views are fixed. In both the popular estimation and ecclesiastical usage, a clergyman who should express his doubt about certain doctrines or the creed in general, and request time for further study, would be taken to have practically admitted his heresy and to have mistaken his calling. The theory of the world is the same as that of the Church in this matter, viz., that all these things are to be settled before ordination. It is a teacher, not a student, who is wanted in the pulpit. It may be perfectly true, as ex-President Porter has remarked, that it is quite impossible for a theological student to arrive at satisfactory views on all the great questions pressing upon him for solution, and that he must "lay many of them upon the shelf" for future consideration. Still, in practice that is not accepted, and for that reason we cannot think Bishop Potter's suggestion practical.

Secretary Foster, in an interview sent out by the Associated Press on September 16, took a rosy view of the condition of the Treasury, which, he said, was one of "perfect ease," although he admitted that there was "less money in the Treasury now than there has been for many years." He also took occasion to deny the report that he was "delaying the payment of appropriations for any purpose," though again he made the dangerous admission that "he had felt it would be good policy to restrict disbursing officers to their actual needs." The truth of both these assertions can be tested by the Treasury statements of receipts and expenditures for the twelve months during which the McKinley tariff has been in force, and for the first quarter of the current fiscal year. For the year preceding the taking effect of the McKinley Bill, the Government's receipts from all sources were $418,259,585, and its expenditures were $330,839,533. During the year ending October 1, 1891, the figures were, respectively, $378,305,909, and $365,015,955. In the last sum no reckoning is made of the $18,225,550 paid out in redemption of the 4½ per cents, nor of the $7,279,150 still due on that account. With those items counted in, as they should be, a deficit of more than $12,000,000 would appear as the net result on the Treasury books

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of one year's operation of the McKinley law. But, in fact, that does not begin to express the gloom of the outlook since the revenue from sugar has ceased. Take the first quarter of the fiscal year 1891–92, and we find that Secretary Foster has paid out $84,471,733. During the corresponding period a year ago $108,596,465 were paid out, which makes it look very much as if there had been "delaying payments" this year. There is another way of getting at it. The appropriations for the current fiscal year, even accepting the optimistic figures of Messrs. Allison and Cannon, are hard on to $500,000,000, or $125,000,000 a quarter. It is clear, then, that Secretary Foster has "held up" no less than $40,000,000 of the payments fairly chargeable to this quarter, and that he has restricted disbursing officers not only to, but considerably below, "their actual needs." In other words, the Treasury is going on at the rate of an annual deficit of $130,000,000, and yet its official head calls that a condition of "perfect ease."

With all the bickering, recrimination, and hard feeling over the passing of Missouri Pacific's quarterly dividend, one phase of the question seems scarcely to have received proper attention. Few of the angry critics have asked whether the directors of the company had any right to pay any dividend, either in this quarter, when they passed it, or in the two preceding quarters, when they paid it. The official statement published last week merely confirmed the belief of well-informed Wall Street men that the Company has not earned its full dividend in a single quarter thus far in the fiscal year. It has simply borrowed money on the Company's notes to pay "profits" to the Company's shareholders. No clearer illustration could be had of the distortion so often consequent upon looking at everything from a "Wall Street standpoint," than the protest of speculators, not against the manner of passing the dividend, nor against the deception of paying previous unearned dividends, but merely against passing the dividend at all. If this outcry is to be trusted, the unearned dividend ought to have been paid, and all would have been well. As a matter of fact, it is the demoralizing notion that railroad dividends must be paid in full, up to the moment of actual financial exhaustion, that is responsible for this perversity of view; and this notion in turn is due to the strong and baleful influence of the stock market over much of current railway financiering. To this influence, in fact, are due a large share of the financial collapses in our railway history, and a still larger share of the frauds perpetrated on a simple "outside public" in the stock market itself. For it is the payment of unearned dividends until the very last gasp of a staggering corporation which enables sharp "insiders" to unload upon a deluded public, at high prices, all their own holdings of stock, just before the discovery of the truth makes the stock almost valueless. The practice has been a curse to American railroad financiering. One of the very best signs of recent times has been the courage with which such corporations as the Rock Island Road and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy have met a quarter of decreased earnings with a corresponding reduction in dividends.

Four pages of the report of Mr. W. Dudley Foulke and his associates to the Civil-Service Reform League on the Federal census relate to the census of New York city, and they present facts which call for something more than a passing notice. The high character of the Committee making the report will satisfy impartial persons that the Federal census as taken in this city was an exceedingly clumsy and inaccurate job, and that it came far short of the true population of the city. The Chairman of the Committee ascertained that in the two blocks bounded by Broadway and Nassau and by John and Liberty Streets the Federal census wholly omitted twelve houses, in which thirty-eight persons resided. The Chairman called upon the enumerator, John Kiernan, and put some questions to him. Mr. Kiernan informed him that one Reed had been appointed in the first instance as enumerator of the district, but that he gave up the job after he had taken a few names. His commission was then transferred to Kiernan by the simple process of erasing the name of Reed and inserting that of Kiernan. Reed never made any report to anybody. Kiernan took Reed's schedules and proceeded to verify them, but some of the persons called upon refused to give their names a second time. So Kiernan threw down these lists, and they were lost somewhere in his house, for when he tried to find them afterwards, he could not. Still more strange was a discrepancy that was found to exist between Kiernan's returns and the lists at Washington. "In a number of cases," says the report, "the names reported by Mr. Kiernan did not appear in the Federal lists. Whether the schedules containing these names were lost or destroyed, or in what manner the discrepancy occurred, is not known." From this disclosure the inference might be drawn that the census of New York was tampered with in order to lessen her representation in Congress. The Committee express no opinion on that point, but say that such inferences will be natural and inevitable whenever political considerations invade the Census Bureau.

French wines appear to be hit the hardest by the retaliatory legislation provoked by the new French protectionism, and the grape-growers are in a state of mind about it. Russia follows up her effusive demonstrations at Cronstadt by promulgating her new tariff with doubled duties on wines, and the vineyard-owners are asking if that is the way the Czar swears eternal friendship. Belgian exports to France were savagely struck at by M. Méline's bill, and Belgium retaliates by raising the customs rates on wines to about twice their former amount. Even Sweden and Norway follow suit, in revenge for the new French duties on building material, formerly imported free from the Scandinavian peninsula. On the other hand, the Bordeaux exporters of wine are at their wits' end to know what to do in face of the practically prohibitory duties on Spanish wines. They have long used these in vast quantities to mix with their own, and say they cannot get along without them. In these circumstances the Spaniards are meditating a shrewd stroke. A proposal has been agreed to by leading men of all political parties, and will undoubtedly pass in the coming session of the Cortes, for absolutely removing all Spanish duties on wines, and at the same time granting excessively low rates on the railways to importations of French wines. Their scheme is to have the great industry of wine-mixing and wine-exporting transferred to their own country, and it looks very much as if the blind policy of France, combined with their own astuteness, might bring that about in some measure. In that case, as a witty French writer says, the famous Château-Lafitte and Château-Margaux would become veritable "Châteaux en Espagne."

The war scare in Europe seems to have again subsided, but will probably be revived at short intervals. People have found out that there is very little in the Dardanelles trouble, that Turkey has accorded nothing to Russia which she denies to any other Power, and that England sees nothing in it to be worried about. The source of probable disturbance has now been transferred to Afghanistan, but the story of late Russian aggression in that quarter is too slight to last very long. Then there is no doubt of the renewal of the Triple Alliance, and of the great internal difficulties with which Russia is contending, and the Emperor of Germany has appeased France somewhat by relaxing the passport regulations in Alsace-Lorraine. In truth, there are numerous signs that the effect of the enormous armaments of the Continental States in fostering a bellicose disposition among the people and their rulers is not what has been commonly supposed. It does not appear to produce readiness for war. The machinery of war has become so tremendous in size and power that everybody is a little afraid of setting it to work. War now produces such industrial disturbance as was never seen, and the masses of troops to be moved are so great that all the generals have a secret shrinking from the task. As regards recent wars, for instance, there is hardly a doubt that if Alexander II. could have foreseen Plevna and the Shipka Pass, he would have been very slow in helping Servia, and we may be sure the German staff does not look to a conflict with France with nearly as much light-heartedness as it would have done ten years ago. The size of the armies and the improvement of the weapons and the great cost are in fact sobering all the warriors. The vaporing is mostly done in the newspapers.

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THE FIELD FOR INVESTIGATION.

A VERY large amount of imperative investigation work will fall upon the new Congress when it assembles in December. It is of the highest public interest that several branches of the Federal service be subjected to a thorough inquiry in order that the exact truth about the scandals connected with them may be made known. Without professing to cover the entire field, we will suggest four branches of the domestic service, and three of the foreign or diplomatic service, which ought to command early and searching attention. We give in each instance the office, together with the name of the officials and others to be examined, and the chief subjects for inquiry.

(1.) *Pension Bureau: Green B. Raum.* The charges against Gen. Raum may be concisely summed up in a general charge of dishonest and corrupt management. He is believed to be in league with the pension agents, in fact, the partner of the most unscrupulous of them, and to be managing the Pension Bureau in their interest. He is known to have been interested financially in a doubtful refrigerator enterprise, and to have practically forced employees in the Bureau to take stock in it by giving them to understand that they would thereby improve their chances of promotion. He has violated the civil-service rules repeatedly in regard to changes among his employees. His own son was detected in taking money of the Bureau intrusted to his care, and in selling appointments which were obtained by bogus or surreptitious examinations, and was allowed to resign by the President. Raum's most recent offence is in seeking to have discharged from the Bureau three employees who exposed his son's rascalities. The most serious of the charges against him have been made and sustained in the Washington correspondence of the *Tribune*, the leading organ of the Harrison Administration.

(2.) *Census Bureau: Robert P. Porter.* The general charge against him is, that, by employing incompetent enumerators, in many instances in open violation of law, he has compiled a new census which is so partisan and inaccurate in many proved instances as to be practically worthless, making it the most costly as well as the poorest ever compiled in this country. His conduct in regard to the selection of enumerators, the quality and thoroughness of their work, the use which he has made of it, and his general administration of the Census Bureau, are all subjects which should be most carefully examined.

(3.) *Sub-Treasury at New York: Ellis H. Roberts.* Inquiry should be made in this case whether Mr. Roberts has been using the power of his position over the banks of the city to induce them to grant him such discount and other personal favors as he desires to receive. This, we have reason to believe, will be a most fruitful field for investigation.

(4.) *Comptrollership of the Currency: Edward S. Lacey, William P. Drew, John Wanamaker.* The Keystone National Bank of Philadelphia should be the objective point of this inquiry. Investigation by Congress is made necessary by the course of the Harrison Administration in refusing to allow Mr. Lacey, the Comptroller, to take the witness-stand in the investigation which the City Councils of Philadelphia were conducting into the affairs of the bank. Mr. Drew, the National Bank Examiner, appeared before that Committee and gave evidence which reflected upon the course of the Comptroller in failing to close the bank at an earlier date than that chosen by him for the purpose. Mr. Lacey wished to take the stand in answer, but the Harrison Administration refused him permission, and would not allow his written statement in answer to Drew to be published till it had been passed upon at a Cabinet meeting. Subsequently Drew was removed by Lacey on a charge of having made a blunder in one of his reports on the bank's condition. Drew showed that this blunder had been corrected immediately, and showed also that Lacey, by his own admissions, knew the bank to be rotten two months before he ordered it to be closed. When it was closed, there was a delay of two months more in the appointment of a receiver, and two telegrams from John Wanamaker to Lacey have been disclosed, in which the former advised delay. John Wanamaker was also a heavy depositor in the bank for several years, as well as the personal friend of its two rascally presidents, and enjoyed great favors at their hands. John Wanamaker also succeeded in getting all his money out of the bank before it collapsed. This is a very inviting field for inquiry.

(5.) *Hayti: James G. Blaine, Benjamin F. Tracy, Frederick Douglass, Admiral Gherardi, William P. Clyde & Co.* The charge in this case is, that, for and in consideration of aid secretly furnished to Hyppolite, now President of Hayti, during the late civil war in that country, we demanded, first, a subsidy of $500,000 to the Clyde Line of steamers for making regular trips between Hayti and New York for a period of ten years; and, second, a lease of the Môle St. Nicolas in perpetuity, together with an exclusion of all other foreign governments from Haytian territory.

(6.) *Chili: Secretary Blaine, Patrick Egan, Admiral Brown.* The subject of inquiry here is the relations sustained by Egan, as United States Minister, and by Brown, as Admiral of a United States ship of war, with Balmaceda, the late President of Chili. Were these relations such as would do credit to us as a nation? Were they in accordance with approved diplomatic and naval usage? Inquiry might also be made into the relations between Balmaceda and Patrick Egan's son in the matter of Government contracts.

(7.) *Brazil: James G. Blaine.* Was the new reciprocity treaty with Brazil secured by a trick? It is charged in Brazil that Mr. Blaine privately assured the Brazilian Minister to this country, Mr. Mendonça, that if such a treaty were agreed to by Brazil, the United States would not make one like it with Spain in relation to Cuba, thus opening a vast market for Brazilian sugar in the United States; that in view of this promise Brazil consented to the treaty, and that the subsequent negotiation by Mr. Blaine of a similar treaty with Spain was a direct breach of faith. Our Government ought not to rest quietly under an unanswered charge of this kind.

MR. LODGE AND HIS DODGE.

FOR the first time in the annals of political debate in this country, so far as we recall, has a debater declined to discuss "the issues of the campaign," and then accused the opposite party, who wanted to discuss those issues, of dodging and refusing to meet him. This phenomenon was presented at Boston, when Mr. Cabot Lodge replied to the letter of the Democratic State Committee. In previous correspondence the Committee had invited Mr. Lodge to meet Mr. John E. Russell in joint debate during the present campaign. Mr. Lodge had replied that he would meet Mr. Russell in joint debate on three occasions, and he claimed the right, as the challenged party, to name the subjects of each debate. He accordingly named as the subject of the first debate "The Administration of Gov. Russell"; of the second, "The Attitude of the National Democratic Party on the Silver Question"; and of the third, "The Prices of the Necessaries of Life as affected by the McKinley Tariff Act."

The conception of a political joint debate as something analogous to a duel, in which the challenged party has the right to choose the weapons, would never have occurred to a Massachusetts statesman unless he were trying to dodge. The weapons of debate are the tongues of the debaters. If Mr. Lodge had followed his analogy strictly, he might have said: "As the challenged party I claim the right to choose the weapons. I insist that neither one shall use his hands or arms in any way, or speak in an unusually loud tone of voice." Requirements of that kind would pass muster among professors of the code—even *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* would be forced to give his assent to them; but Mr. Lodge went much beyond the choice of weapons. He stipulated that no subjects should be discussed except the three named by him. This was like stipulating that the opposing party in a duel should not raise his arm higher than his knee, or should stand with the dust blowing in his face.

Let us glance for a moment at Mr. Lodge's subjects. The first one, the administration of Gov. Russell, is unobjectionable, for that is assuredly one of the issues of the campaign. It was promptly accepted by the Democratic Committee. The next one, viz., "The Attitude of the National Democratic Party on the Silver Question," excludes the discussion of the attitude of the Republican party on the same question. This is not a conjecture at all, for the Democratic Committee proposed to modify it so as to include the attitude of *both* parties. To this gentle proposal Mr. Lodge returned the following answer:

"In my last letter I said that I would not modify my terms in any particular. You now insist on a modification, which is equivalent to a refusal. You challenged me; I accepted the

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challenge at once, naming the subjects, as I had a right to do. Instead of closing with my acceptance, you enter upon an argument upon technicalities, and dispute as to the terms of the debate. This seems to me entirely useless."

It is not necessary to point out to honest men that a debate on the attitude of one party only, on a political issue, would be not merely unfair to one of the debaters, but misleading to the audience. The Republican party has taken its stand on a bill which provides for the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion per month and the issue of legal-tender notes thereon. This is two and a half times as much as the Government ever purchased before, and it adds the new feature of legal tender to the paper issued upon it. The Democratic party in Massachusetts has condemned this measure and *all other* silver bills which provide for the coining of dollars not equal in *intrinsic* value to the best dollars in existence. But Mr. Lodge is not willing to have the present law debated at all. In fact, the terms of his proposal would exclude the platform of the Democrats of Massachusetts also, for he stipulates that the debate shall be on the attitude of the *national* Democratic party. How is anybody to learn what that is in advance of the National Democratic Convention?

Mr. Lodge's anxiety to restrict the debate on the McKinley tariff to its effect upon the necessaries of life is probably as keen as his desire to avoid the debate altogether. It is easy to see that the whole debate would turn on the definition of necessaries. That was undoubtedly what Mr. Lodge had in his mind. Of course nothing is necessary which a man can do without. There are a thousand things in the McKinley tariff that poor people use which have been enhanced in price, but which are not strictly necessary. They represent the first upward steps towards a decenter life, such as gloves and ribbons for women, cotton velvet for households, worsted suitings for men, etc. None of these things can be considered absolutely necessary. Consequently it would be easy for Mr. Lodge to rule out every article that tells against his own position and his own party.

Finally, the Democratic Committee proposed to Mr. Lodge that he should discuss with Mr. Russell broadly "the issues of the campaign." From this suggestion he fled as hastily as from the others, and in his humorous way put upon the other side the blame of dodging the debate. Fancy Lincoln, or Douglas, or any of the debaters who have left a mark on our political life, refusing to debate "the issues of the campaign" when challenged thereto by his opponents. Then imagine him, if possible, accusing his challenger of running away.

HOURS OF LABOR IN ENGLAND.

In February last the House of Commons appointed a committee "to inquire whether, and if so in what way, the hours worked by railway servants should be restricted by legislation." On July 16 this committee reported the evidence already taken, and recommended that a committee be appointed on the same subject in the next session of Parliament. The evidence given before the committee has just been printed in a large volume, and forms an important contribution to the subject of the hours of labor and the advisability of legislation thereupon. The general question of a shorter day was discussed by the railway employees, and also by managers who have to do with large interests.

The testimony was clear upon the point that there was upon English railways a large number of instances of long hours of labor, although there had been of late a gradual improvement. Thus, in a return prepared by the Board of Trade (a semi-official body), it was shown that the percentage of day's work exceeding twelve hours among the engine-drivers on the London and North-western was in March, 1888, 27 per cent., and in March, 1890, 20 per cent., though other roads showed no improvement. Upon this point Mr. Findlay, the General Manager of that company, said that his directors and officers had had tables of all excessive working-hours submitted to them, and had, by changes and by the employment of extra men, done everything possible to reduce all work to within ten or twelve hours per day. The exigencies of railway working must always make a hard-and-fast rule impossible, but Mr. Findlay was emphatic in saying that the habitual employment of men for an hour beyond their best strength was an expensive policy for the company. Overtime was a thing to be avoided whenever possible, as no employee was worth to the railway as much when working extra hours as when on his regular duty.

As to the question of danger to public safety, which was the ground of the inquiry on the part of Parliament, the testimony was not conclusive. The Government Inspector of Railways, Maj.-Gen. Hutchinson (of the Royal Engineers), could name but one accident directly attributable to overwork; yet he was convinced that long hours for engine-drivers, signalmen, or train conductors had indirectly helped to the fatal result in a number of cases. In one accident he reported: "It is not difficult to account for the conduct of these men, who, I am convinced, must have been asleep or nearly so upon the engine, for they had at that time been on duty for nearly sixteen and a half hours. It hardly needed this accident to show the enormous risk which attaches to the employment of drivers for these inordinately long hours." The railway managers did not deny the risk, but claimed the instances to have been exceptional. Still, the Board of Trade return, showing on a considerable number of roads that one-third of the engine-drivers were on duty more than twelve hours a day (though not necessarily upon the engine-plate the whole time), seems to leave a large field for reform.

In the United States we have no statistics upon this question of unusually long hours for engine-runners and signalmen; it may be presumed that our roads are mindful of the danger arising from overfatigue and drowsiness on the part of those upon whom rests the safety of trains. Yet, in view of the accidents now daily occurring, it would be well for our railway managers to examine anew into the actual (as distinct from the scheduled) number of hours worked by trainmen on duty, to see whether overwork is not one of the minor causes of our too frequent railway collisions.

The question of a possible remedy through legislation brought on a long and interesting discussion. The leaders of the railway trade-unions (with whom the English managers would not treat as representing the employees unless actually themselves employed on the road) asked for a law limiting the daily work to ten hours. The men were not agreed upon this. Some block-signal men on crowded lines, in view of their responsible position, thought for their work that the strain of eight hours was long enough. Other engine-drivers would rather work fifteen hours and get home to their families than stop at twelve hours though the company furnished lodging. A few were willing to work any number of hours provided they could get pay for the overtime. The sentiment of many seemed to be in favor of legislation which should fix a maximum day's work of less hours than at present, though at the same pay per day. A prominent manager thought the whole agitation was a trick of the unions to get increased wages; but his fellow-managers did not take that view of it, Mr. Findlay denying it emphatically, and seeming to think that the claim for a fair number of hours per day for responsible train work was founded in reason.

When it came to the question how such a reform was to be brought about, Mr. Findlay, perhaps the foremost railway manager in Great Britain, had very decided views. "I know of no class of service in the kingdom, or practically in the world," he asserted, "where the terms of the contract, the hours of labor, and the payment for that labor, are to be" (*i. e.*, can be) "settled between masters and men according to arbitration. It must be that the hours of labor must be regulated according to supply and demand, and if a man does not like the service, surely he is at liberty to leave it." In partial explanation of Mr. Findlay's position, it should be remembered that in England railway service is very popular, so that there are two or three applicants for every vacancy. "Demand and supply" on the English roads means, therefore, an easier victory of the corporations over the employees than is the case in the United States or in Australia. No arguments of the House of Commons committee could make this witness modify his view. He maintained that discipline on a railway was absolutely essential not only to profit, but to safety. If the servants got the idea that there was a higher authority than the railway officers, there was an end of discipline; this discipline on the railways, he asserted, was now more perfect than that of the English Army,—an assertion which ought to provoke comment. Then Mr. Findlay frankly spoke of the good done by the Parliamentary agi-

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tation. "I have not the slightest hesitation in admitting that the investigation this committee are now pursuing will result in a considerable improvement in the arrangement and organization for the working of traffic upon railways."

When asked why the railways had not taken up the subject on receipt of servants' complaints in previous years and before the action of Parliament, and why other companies had not introduced reforms like the London and Northwestern, and finally what was to be done if these companies refused to follow up the reform at all, Mr. Findlay did not give satisfactory answers. He admitted the jurisdiction of Parliament over mechanical apparatus like block-signalling, and over public safety such as was involved in legislation about hours of labor, but he thought that the published opinion of the Board of Trade censuring a particular company for its negligence in any one of those matters would arouse enough public sentiment on the subject to accomplish the reform, leaving the details, as now, to the officers of the company, who are responsible to the shareholders and to the Government. The whole subject was then left to the succeeding Parliament, without expression of opinion on the part of the Committee.

THE SUCCESS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE suicide of Boulanger is a very characteristic close to a singular career. The fittest way for a French charlatan to quit the scene of his labors is undoubtedly to kill himself on his mistress's grave. But it is not unreasonable to suppose that his suicide was hastened in some degree by the recent extraordinary success of the Republic. It is not simply that it has passed this summer the fateful term of twenty-one years, which no Government in France has reached since the overthrow of the old monarchy. The First Empire, the Restoration, the Monarchy of July, and Second Empire all tried for it, but every one of them perished within twenty years; so that it had become one of the superstitions of French politics that no government could be considered permanently established under which young men of twenty-one could not say they had been born. The present Republic has, however, broken the spell. It has lived long enough for a new generation to grow up under it. The youths who are now entering on the work of life, and above all filling the ranks of the army, have never known any other form of government. They have never seen a revolution, and their fathers, who remember the days of the one-man power, have grown old and conservative and hostile to any change whatever. So that it seems as if, after one hundred years of wandering in the wilderness, and that purgation by "blood and fire" which Burke predicted for her, France had at last entered on a new era of prosperity and comfort if not of glory. Bonapartism seems dead; Cæsarism has reached a ridiculous and ignoble end on Madame de Bonnemain's tomb; and the Legitimist cause would be fatally discredited by the complicity of the Comte de Paris in the Boulangist conspiracy, even if any tradition or memory of the old monarchy still survived among the mass of the people.

These things, however, may be all put down as pieces of good luck for which the Republicans are not entitled to any special credit. But there is one success they have achieved this summer, before which all Europe takes off its hat, which there is no gainsaying or depreciating, which no Government could achieve without possessing the highest order of administrative capacity, which has, one might almost say, suddenly changed the place of France among the great Powers, and which has closed the mouths of the largest and most influential portion of the remaining Royalists, and very likely gave Boulanger his death blow—we mean the production of an army of the first order. This fact has been revealed by the field manœuvres which have just come to an end, and it is no exaggeration to say that it has produced a profound sensation.

The French have been laboring at their army now for twenty years, and trying every sort of experiment on it, the fall of the Empire having left it in a condition of complete disorganization. Everything had to be changed or renewed. Its numbers had to be increased; its discipline restored; its self-confidence revived; its armament changed; its cavalry and artillery, commissariat and transportation, reorganized and enormously increased. There have been field manœuvres on a considerable scale every year for a good while, but they all revealed the fact that the force was far from ready to meet the exigencies of a campaign against that great thunderbolt of modern warfare, the German Army. Things which seemed very perfect in the garrisons and in the Champ de Mars in Paris, broke down completely when an attempt was made to engage in great strategic movements in the open country.

The manœuvres this year have shown that unwearied diligence and lavish expenditure have at last had their reward. Two hundred thousand men have been engaged for some weeks in mimic warfare in the Southeast, which tested, as far as is possible without actual bloodshed, the three things of greatest importance in military organization—the capacity of the generals to move great masses of men in the field, the capacity of the men to be moved rapidly and punctually, and the capacity of the commissariat and transportation to keep them supplied. The result has been a great success. The swarm of foreign officers who witnessed the manœuvres were all profoundly impressed, and acknowledge that France is once more a great military Power, worthy of her ancient fame. The Royalists, too, acknowledge with a sigh that the one thing which they predicted the Republic could never do—restore France to her old place among the nations of the earth — has been done. The effect of this on the army itself, and on the country through the army, may be readily imagined. No domestic disturbance or failure has, during the last twenty years, weighed so heavily on the French soul as the feeling that foreigners had ceased to think much of the French Army. It was the fear that the Republic could never seal this fountain of bitterness which made its future seem uncertain. It was this which gave a charlatan like Boulanger the few gleams of hope which brightened the earlier part of his political career and ruined him as a soldier. The new knowledge that "la gloire" is still possible for armed France has spread sunshine over the land; but the news that in this great rehabilitation of his old profession he could have no share, and that he must for ever be an outcast wherever the French flag waved and French guns were heard, probably filled the poor adventurer's cup of bitterness to overflowing.

A PRIME MINISTER OF THE FUTURE.

LONDON, September, 1891.

No one has of late years advanced himself so rapidly to a leading place in English politics as Mr. Arthur Balfour, the present Chief Secretary for Ireland. Seven years ago he was not known outside the House of Commons, and known there only as Lord Salisbury's clever, but, to all appearance, languid and unpractical nephew. Now he is recognized as the successor (and that probably at no very distant date) to Lord Salisbury in the leadership of the Tory party, and therefore in the Premiership when that party has a majority. The Tory party has not of late been fertile, any more than the Liberal party, in promising men. It has no one in the House of Lords of the least importance, except, of course, Lord Salisbury himself, while as regards the House of Commons Lord Randolph Churchill's blunders have thrown him out in the race; and Mr. Goschen, although at present he takes precedence of Mr. Balfour, is not popular with the Tories, and would not be accepted (having been lately a Liberal) as their leader. It is long also since any politician on the Tory side has been so much to the taste of the party and regarded with so much admiration as Mr. Balfour now is. For a parallel to the language one hears the Conservatives apply to him one must almost go back to the days of the younger Pitt. They never felt at home with Canning, whose brilliance frightened them; they were never enthusiastic for the Duke of Wellington, as a statesman. Even Sir Robert Peel, who led them for a long time with so much skill, was debarred by his cold manners from personal popularity, and lay under the reproach, serious in those days, of having sprung from the middle classes. Their admiration for Disraeli was somewhat factitious, and did not come till near the end of his career. They suffered Sir Stafford Northcote to be thrust aside by Lord Randolph Churchill, and, although the last-named politician won a considerable success for a short time, it was the rowdy and vulgar element in the party—now, no doubt, a strong element—that applauded him, while the better sort viewed him with well-merited distrust.

Mr. Balfour unites qualifications not combined before. He is the nephew of a great noble, now the head of the party, a familiar and favorite figure in society. He is a man of

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undoubted talent, conspicuous courage, great facility of speech. His Irish policy, however unwise some may think it, was the policy which the English upper class desired and have enjoyed; and as Ireland was for several years the chief theme of political debate in and out of Parliament, Mr. Balfour was always in the front of the battle. It is not easy to convey an impression of the admiration—one might perhaps say adulation—with which "Society" now follows him. How far is this admiration deserved? Does he possess the gifts that make a great statesman who leaves his mark on his time, as Pitt and Peel did? Let us try to answer this question, so far as the limits of a letter permit. To begin with, Mr. Balfour has a mind. Of course, no man becomes prominent in English politics without showing considerable talent, but the talent is usually of a commonplace kind, which offers little to interest the observer. But Mr. Balfour's intellect has a character of its own, an individuality which makes its play worth studying. He always thinks, and he always thinks for himself. If he repeats vulgar catchwords or resorts to current fallacies, one can perceive that he sees through them. When he was hardly known in the House of Commons, there were some of his opponents who habitually listened to him because they knew that he had an active and penetrating intelligence. His intellect, however, is analytic rather than synthetic. It is a keen, critical, sceptical, destructive intellect. It produces few positive ideas, few constructive views. It ought not, perhaps, to be called an original intellect, because one gathers little that is new and profitable from it, but it is a formidable engine for sifting, scrutinizing, and detecting the weaknesses of an opponent's position. Nearly all his speeches consist in dissections and refutations of his adversaries, and the dialectic skill he displays has in it a scholastic ingenuity and fineness which gives it a thoroughly individual character. When he has to expound a complicated measure or to set forth and advocate a large scheme of policy, he is comparatively lifeless, sometimes confused, seldom telling or persuasive. The range of his interests and knowledge does not seem to be wide; his speeches, at any rate, do not convey the impression of a richly stored mind or of one which is fertile in suggestion. Its bent is to metaphysical dialectics, a field in which he has produced a clever book entitled 'Defense of Philosophic Doubt,' which was commonly taken to be an argument in favor of theological scepticism, but which he has himself declared to be the very opposite, and to be designed to strengthen revealed religion. Some may consider that the want of constructive gifts is not a serious drawback to his success as a statesman. A drawback it certainly is, but not so serious as might be thought, for, though the Tory party have lately been producing some constructive measures, their main function has been and is likely to be to criticise and resist proposals of change proceeding from the Liberal side. A great deal of our political discussion is mere dialectic attacks on the conduct and measures of opponents, and refutation of their attacks. In all this he shines.

As Mr. Balfour's quickness of perception and reasoning is mated to a great readiness and command of language, he has become an excellent Parliamentary debater and an effective, if not brilliant, platform speaker. He is not an orator—that is to say, he has no natural flow of eloquence, and has not so far shown any power of touching the imagination or of rousing the emotions. Yet his speeches are generally interesting, because he argues ingeniously and has a notable gift of sarcasm. This sarcasm is rarely or never humorous, but it is often genuinely witty. Lord Salisbury possesses the same gift in a high degree, but uses it more crudely and sometimes in gross breach of good taste. The cynical flavor is less marked in the nephew than in the uncle; and there is more in Mr. Balfour of an air of culture and of refinement, a quality conspicuously wanting in Lord Salisbury. Until he took office, the weak point of Mr. Balfour's speaking was a certain scholasticism, a want of touch with the facts of the case, a tendency to treat arguments formally sound as materially conclusive—a tendency, in short, to play the abstract dialectician in politics. But since he took office and found himself obliged day by day to grapple with his active and able Irish opponents, knowing far more of Ireland than he did, this defect has almost disappeared. He now takes hold of the substance of a case in a practical and vigorous way; and if he often fails to be convincing, this may be because he often gives the impression that he does not himself believe in his own case, but merely deems it a case good enough for the audience he has to deal with. This touch of cynicism, or of what may be called intellectual superciliousness, is seldom absent from his speeches. His supporters, however, like the peculiar flavor, and it is, after all, more important for a man to please his supporters than to evade the criticism of opponents.

His administrative ability is very differently judged by those who approve or blame the policy of repression he has followed in Ireland, the only field where he has been tested. This, however, may be said with confidence, that he has learned by experience, and has made far fewer blunders lately since he has taken the trouble to travel through Ireland and study her condition. His treatment of the political prisoners will probably come to be regarded as a gross and wanton error, which he would not now repeat, just as he has now abandoned the insolent tone and contemptuous manner which he used to display towards the Irish members. It is fair to say that the hostility to him of the Nationalists seems to have been rather official than personal; they have seldom or never shown the same kind of hatred to him, in spite of his severities, which they undoubtedly felt for Mr. W. E. Forster. It was probably by the excess of one of his best qualities that Mr. Balfour was led into the mistakes of his first two years of Irish office. He thought that a policy of repression ought to be above all things courageous, and therefore unsparing and unshrinking. He has now learned, having sufficiently proved his firmness, that softer methods may be more efficacious, and that courage and severity are not necessarily conjoined. It is largely to his courage that he owes his prominence, for no quality is so essential to a public man. He shows it not only in his willingness to take administrative responsibility, but in the boldness with which he meets all his antagonists in Parliament, from Mr. Gladstone downwards, and in the air of cool unconcern with which he receives damaging criticisms. He gives the impression of having, under a somewhat languid exterior, a fund of self-reliance and composure equal to any emergency. Courage in debate soon commands the respect of opponents; in Mr. Balfour's case it has largely contributed to the respect felt for him.

It may be asked whether with these gifts Mr. Balfour gives what may be called the general but indefinable impression of greatness, whether in fact he seems to belong to a different category from that of ordinary statesmen. People understand the term greatness so differently, sometimes including in it the element of moral elevation and sometimes restricting it to the possession of exceptional force of intellect and will, that it is not easy to answer such a question. There are those who would not call Bismarck great, because of his meannesses, nor Kossuth, because he was unsuccessful. Still, in whichever sense the term be taken, Mr. Balfour has not as yet shown himself to belong to the class. Good observers who have come into close contact with him describe him as very acute, very agreeable, very bright and ready, and, in a word, very able. More than this they do not seem to say. There was much that was theatrical and even vulgar about Disraeli's greatness, as there is much that is shabby and brutal about Bismarck's. Both, however, made a personal impression of brilliance and force and fertility which no one could escape. There is only one man living in England now who makes that sort of impression, and he belongs to a generation which has almost wholly passed away. None of our younger statesmen seems at present likely so to grow and develop as to rise to the like height. But of those who are now conspicuous in public life, there is probably no one before whom there opens the prospect of a future so distinguished as may be predicted for Mr. Arthur Balfour.

O. D.

MEMOIRS OF MME. DE GONTAUT.

PARIS, September 16, 1891.

I CONFESS being somewhat tired of the memoirs which describe the first Revolution, the horrors of 1793, the adventures of the Empire. There is a certain sameness in the sentiments of the authors of these memoirs and a certain narrowness; much as we may sympathize with their sufferings, we cannot help feeling that they hardly understood the events in which they were unconscious actors. I felt some hesitation before reading the 'Memoirs' of the Duchess of Gontaut, governess of the "enfants de France" during the Restoration.

The Gontaut family began to be illustrious with the famous Biron, who conspired against Henri IV. and was beheaded for his treachery. If I had the animus of Paul Louis Courier, I would say that a great crime does as much for a family as great services rendered to the state. Two or three centuries spread an extraordinary halo over criminals of state, and the reason of it is obvious: what we really regard and respect is the work of time, and a real descendant of Cain would be as much thought of as a real descendant of Abel. Madame de Gontaut was born in Paris in 1773. She was married to M. de Saint-Blaucard, who took, from the day of his marriage, the name of Vicomte de Gontaut-Biron, leaving the name of Saint-Blaucard to the elder son of the younger branch. The marriage took place in England, at Epsom. The young bride had been educated in France; she had lived, as a girl, in the intimacy of the Orleans family; a nephew of her father, M. de Valence, was married to the daughter of Mme. de Genlis; she was an inmate of the Palais Royal. She felt the same enthusiasm for Mme. de Genlis as did the children of the Duc d'Orléans. "I should have been ashamed," says she, "of being behind them in this romantic passion which everybody tried to manifest towards her. I have seen the Princes (the Duc de Chartres, who became Louis Philippe, the Dukes of Montpensir and Beaujolais), and Mademoiselle (who was named afterwards

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Mme. Adelaide), kiss her *footprints*, and I must confess to my great shame that, wishing to distinguish myself, I threw myself on a chair which she had just left, and kissed it with warmth. I filled my mouth with dust, which calmed my ardor." Mme. de Genlis was at the time writing the 'Veillées du Château,' and she read it to those children. She certainly must have had a great charm. Louis Philippe on his throne continued to pay visits to her till the time of her death.

Mme. de Gontaut has not much to say on the first events of the Revolution. She was a mere child, and took refuge at first at the Château de Lys, near Nérac, which belonged to her father, Comte de Montaut-Navailles. The Revolution was already in full force, but see the influence of old tradition: "Our arrival at the Lys was a scene of the middle ages. We found peasants formed in line, the eight sons of the lord, my cousin, hat in hand, and eight soldiers who had followed my father in the Seven Years' War." Mme. de Gontaut, after her marriage in England, spent her time in the best English society, but there is not much to pick up in her Memoirs about the people she mixed with. The Duc de Biron was guillotined on December 31, 1793, and Mme. de Gontaut writes about him: "We had to deplore the services which he thought it his duty to render to his country." The Duc de Biron owed a large sum of money to the Marquis de Gontaut. As the Viscount could not go to France, since he was on the list of the *émigrés*, Mme. de Gontaut made the journey. She obtained a passport under the name of a Mme. François, who was in business. She was arrested at Calais, and kept in prison for three weeks. Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, happened to be there. He came to see her, and, through the *judas* of her prison, said to her:

"'Mme. François, hear me.' 'I hear you.' 'You are in a bad way, and I come to save you.' 'Thank you, but explain yourself.' 'You are going to be sent to Paris. You will be shut up there, and, once there, you are lost. Hear me! there is nothing easier than to save you from this danger; nothing more simple. Marry me!' 'I thank you, I am married.' 'What a pity! I would make you rich; I have invented steam; I can also blow up fleets with submarine boats—nothing easier; it is just as easy to deliver you. Say but a word, say yes, and I claim you and marry you, and that is all.'"

Mme. de Gontaut thanked him for his kind intentions and Fulton left her with a sigh.

The arrival of some English delegates whom she knew, gave her an opportunity of escaping from prison. She succeeded in going to Paris and seeing her relations there. She learned from them many details about her friends, the royal family, the death of the King, the Queen, and Mme. Elisabeth. Her grandmother told her of the barbarous acts of the Terrorists, the courage of the young girls, of the women; how all France had become a prison; the shutting up of all the churches. A new era, however, had begun since the death of Robespierre, and the name of young Bonaparte was already pronounced as that of a saviour. One day, in one of her walks with her brother-in-law, she met Fulton on the boulevards. He rushed to her: "Dear me, dear me, Mme. François! How glad I am to see you." Her brother-in-law found him a little familiar, and said to him: "The person you are talking to is Mlle. de Montaut [she had in Paris assumed her maiden name]" "No, no," said Fulton, "she is Mme. François; she is married; she told me so in Calais." He immediately added: "Sir, I have come to Paris for a sublime thing. I want to blow up ships, I want to make boats go by steam." Her brother-in-law took Fulton for a madman.

She returned to London and found her mother and husband; she announced to them that they were ruined, but the times were such that ruin seemed a trifling misfortune. They occupied a residence at Dover, near Deal, which Pitt had lent to the Villiers.

"At first, the scrutinizing eyes of Mr. Pitt frightened me, but I became accustomed to them. He often asked me in the evening to read to him some pages of 'Télémaque'; the Conversation of Mentor provoked his enthusiasm. I had never heard him speak a word of French, and, to my great surprise, one day when he took me home in his phaeton, he repeated to me whole speeches of his dear Mentor in French."

It is difficult for us to imagine anybody, especially an English statesman, warmed by extracts from 'Télémaque'; we look upon it as a very dull *pastiche* of antiquity. Mme. de Gontaut may have given a peculiar charm to the long speeches of "dear Mentor."

M. de Gontaut was called to attend on Monsieur, to whom the Prince Regent had granted Holyrood; he made the journey with his wife in a small phaeton, which he drove himself. There was a small French colony at Holyrood. Monsieur had but one carriage, which he lent to everybody in succession; he reserved it for himself only on Sundays.

The Memoirs of Madame de Gontaut are entirely devoid of literary merit; she jots down notes indiscriminately, and all one can do is to pick up here and there some anecdote. At Cheltenham she made the acquaintance of Arthur Wellesley, just arriving from India, and patronized the future Duke of Wellington in her small set. She was made only for a small coterie, and could find it wherever she went. She was thoroughly imbued with that narrow spirit which was one of the curses of the little world of *émigrés*. Her account of Madame de Polastron, the friend of the Comte d'Artois, is very characteristic in this respect. Madame de Polastron was married very young to a young colonel, whom she had seen only once; her marriage was a small affair, her presentation a great one. The famous dancer Vestris gave her lessons and taught her how to make her bows, how to make believe kiss the hem of the Queen's gown. "Considering, madame, the place you are to occupy, her Majesty will approach you and kiss you; you must appear full of gratitude, and try to find her hand, which she will draw back. Remember that all this must be done with grace, with a round arm. All eyes will be upon you, and remember that Vestris is your teacher." Madame de Polastron became the idol of the Comte d'Artois, who, hitherto, had been very inconstant. She inspired him with a great passion, as great as he could conceive of. She returned it with usury, devoted herself entirely to the cause of the Prince, and finally died of consumption.

Once more did Madame de Gontaut see Fulton; she was in a box at the opera in London, with Lady Mary Bentinck, Lord Clarendon, and some others. She saw Fulton in the pit, and bowed to him. He came to her box and shook hands with her. "What a pleasure, Miss Montaut, to find you here! I could hardly believe my own eyes." M. de La Tour du Pin said to him, politely: "You are probably mistaken; madame is the Viscountess of Gontaut." "Oh, dear me! this is too much; does she always change her name?" Then Madame de Gontaut told him the whole story of her journey to Calais, and of her false name. "Well," said Fulton, "let me make my compliments to your husband for having a wife who for a moment threatened to make me lose my head or give myself to the devil."

Mme. de Gontaut remained in England as long as the Empire endured. She returned to France with Louis XVIII. Her Memoirs have all the elements of interest to be found in the memories of a person who saw the first and second Restoration, the Revolution of 1830, who was intimate with the chief political actors of her time; but it must be confessed that she did not know how to use these elements. There is a perpetual tone of commonplace in the volume which has been published. A systematic admiration of the Princes, of their surroundings, of her own family, becomes in the end very fatiguing. Molière places in the mouth of his "Avare," *Harpagon*, this speech to his cook: "The great thing is to make a good dinner with little money." What shall we think of the cook who makes a bad dinner with a great deal of money? Mme. de Gontaut may be compared to such a cook in a literary sense. One leaves her Memoirs with an impression of dulness and fatigue.

Correspondence.

OUR NEUTRALITY IN CHILI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Ever since the revolution in Chili began, the attitude assumed by the United States Minister, Consuls, and Admirals, has been such as to meet with severest censure from all Americans here resident; and I am sure that were the American public acquainted with the facts, it would, with only increased energy, condemn their conduct and that of the Government at Washington which allows it.

Many things have been passed over in silence, each one excusing or accepting, as best he could, the just taunts cast against our representatives. Now, however, the limit of toleration is passed, and I raise my humble protest, seeking the courtesy of your columns to make it known, and soliciting the aid of your pen to denounce this last act of dishonor, disloyalty, and cowardly meanness toward a weaker nation.

Yesterday morning the *Esmeralda* a second time appeared off the bay, and the stir among the Dictator's forces made it apparent that the Congressional arms were effecting a landing. It was rumored that troops were disembarking in Quinteros, an inlet twenty miles directly north of Valparaiso. Distrust of the news was likewise apparent from the uncertainty attending the movement of the shore forces, though troops were despatched to the point of threatened attack.

There were in the bay one German and two British war ships, and the United States cruiser *San Francisco*. At about noon the *San Francisco* was seen to be steaming out. Observers of all nationalities, natives included, asserted that she was going out to spy for Balmaceda. This was hooted at by the Americans, who anticipated that she was going out to meet the *Esmeralda;* but she soon passed that vessel, and was lost to sight round the distant point of Quinteros Bay. She returned at five P. M., and was almost immediately boarded by the United States Consul, who went out in one of the Captain of the Port's boats. When they came back, though it is asserted that the port authorities were not allowed on board, yet I know positively that on landing they knew the number of transports, war vessels, and es-

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timated number of men disembarked. The same evening, too, it was public news that the *San Francisco* had seen twelve transports, including three tugs and six men-of-war, in Quinteros Bay, and that the opposition had landed between 8,000 and 9,000 men. Though discrediting the story, one could not but feel that Admiral Brown had been most indiscreet in going out to Quinteros at such a critical moment, to a place where certainly no protection of American interests, but pure curiosity, called him; especially since by going he laid himself open to such imputations of disloyalty to neutrality and honor.

Not long after the return of the *San Francisco*, unwonted activity and decision marked the movement of the Government troops, which were hurried out by the railroad line early in the evening. This did not look well, yet our dismay can be imagined when newspaper boys this morning were calling out: "News of the fleet, brought by the *San Francisco*," and the Government paper, which accompanies this (the only one published this morning), began its account with the following: (Translation) "*From trustworthy news brought by the U. S. war ship San Francisco*, which arrived yesterday, we know for a fact that the revolutionists have, from their twelve transports and six war vessels, disembarked about 8,000 men in the vicinity of Concon and Quinteros," etc.

I know that the German Admiral and British Captain were each invited to send an officer. The former accepted, while the latter declined, because he felt such a proceeding unwarranted and despicable.

Comment is scarcely necessary. The bare statement of facts is sufficient to place Admiral Brown in no enviable light. An enemy (which the vast majority of the intelligent people and masses of the country regard as the representative of the Constitutional Government of Chili) was landing in an out-of-the-way, almost uninhabited bay, where no menace to any American interests could possibly be; and yet, when the Dictator's forces were in a quandary as to what was actually occurring there, a United States vessel goes out. On her return the real state of affairs becomes publicly known, and on that information forces are immediately thrown out along the line. That "our country" should have ever had representatives whose curiosity should lead them to such a breach of honorable dealing in behalf of tyranny and the worst form of military despotism, is disgraceful; yet the time may come when the revelation of a much more outrageous instance of the United States Navy having given a helping hand to Balmaceda and his accursed cause, may be made when further proof is obtained.

Heavy fighting has to-day been going on to the north of this, and the advance in the direction from which the sound of firing came, showed that the Congressional forces have gained ground. Late this afternoon transports were seen going south, decked with bunting. They have scored a victory and gained a footing. It will be rapid work now. Balmaceda will not hold out for the completion of his term of office, which constitutionally expires September 18. The Dictatorship is near its end. Congress and the people are bound to win. Would that the United States officials here had sympathized with the right! The influence of its representatives has unfortunately been on the side of oppression, cruelty, and tyranny. Their conduct, I regret to have to say it, has been unmanly and unjustifiable.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

VALPARAISO, CHILI, August 21.

P. S., AUGUST 24.—The *Gaceta Comercial*, from which I quoted above, was closed the following day. What raised the ire of the authorities was not, I believe, the *San Francisco* item, but the statement that Balmaceda had come on from Santiago to lead his troops in person. He is reported as having been seen in this vicinity. Certainly, his stanchest supporters are all here, and with him will probably, when the inevitable defeat comes, go on board the *San Francisco* to escape the punishment they justly merit.

If Admiral Brown, remarked an American resident to me, had only at this juncture observed neutrality as well as he did during the Peruvian war, when it led him to withhold assistance from drowning men at the blowing up of the Chilian transport *Loa* in Callao Bay, all would have been well—and this letter would never have been written.

J. T.

REV. LAWRENCE WASHINGTON OF PURLEIGH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Following up the suggestion made in the *Nation* for July 16, 1891, that the MS. authorities for Walker's 'Account of the Sufferings of the Clergy' were in the Bodleian Library, Mr. H. F. Waters has recently examined the volumes with gratifying results. He writes under date of September 1, 1891: "This afternoon I came upon the chief letter upon which he [Walker] evidently depended for his information about the sequestered rector of Purleigh." This letter, he adds,

"was in worse order than anything I had been looking at. It, and two or three accompanying papers, had evidently suffered from dampness, and had been eaten, I think, by flies, perhaps mice. The letter was probably written in 1706 (judging from the dates of those near it), but where from or whom by there was nothing on the face of it to disclose at first sight. It was devoted to the cases of Mr. Cherry, Mr. Washington, and Mr. Wright of Witham. He spoke of Mr. Cherry as having 'dwelt 20 miles from me.' A little farther on he writes: 'The first visitation our diocesan made here at Easterford Kelvedon Mr. Cherry preached,' etc. Then comes this reference:

"'I doe not remember that ever I knew or heard of Mr. Washington after he had been sequestered, but there was then one Mr. Roberts a neighbor of mine who was owner and patron of a parish so small that nobody would accept of his church (but with difficulty) and Mr. Roberts entertained Mr. Washington, where he was suffered quietly to preach. I have heard him and tooke him to be a very worthy pious man. I have been in his company there, and he appeared a very modest sober person, and I heard him recommended as such by several gentlemen who knew him before I did. He was a loyal person, and had one of the best benefices in these parts, and this was the onely cause of his expulsion as I verily believe.'"

Mr. Waters adds that against both paragraphs, viz., relating to Mr. Cherry and Mr. Washington, Walker had written, "See last paragraph in this ——. J. W." Turning to the last paragraph, where dampness and flies had done the most mischief, Mr. Waters could make out only the word "Braxted." A reference to Morant's 'Essex' showed that Braxted Parva was just such a poor, mean living, and that the patron was Thomas Roberts. The Visitation of Essex shows the Roberts to have been there for four generations in 1634. A comparison of handwritings showed that the writer of this letter was the Henry Ayloffe who wrote another letter in the same collection, under date of March 26, 1706, annotated by Walker as "Esquire and Justice of the Peace." As Morant says that the Ayloffes had their chief seat at Braxted Magna, this letter seems to be of the highest authority. There was a Henry Ayloffe, third son, born about 1630, according to the Visitation of Essex, in 1634, who seems to be the writer. The early register of Little Braxted seems to be lost, but probably further search will give more particulars about Lawrence Washington there.

Immediately following this discovery, another bit of evidence appears. A few days later, Miss Emma M. Walford (of 46 Great Coram Street, Russell Square, London), a well-known expert genealogist, discovered and sent forward an entry in the register of the parish of All Saints, Maldon, Essex, as follows:

"Mr. Laurence Washington buried January 21, 1652."

Maldon is but three miles north from Purleigh, and is an old and comparatively large town, the natural abiding-place of any one interested in Purleigh. The inference is irresistible that we have at last discovered the death of George Washington's last English progenitor. I may here add that Little Braxted is about six miles north from Maldon, lying just to the east of Witham. From Purleigh to Braxted is less than nine miles in an air line.

In this connection another clue may be suggested. When the library of the late S. G. Drake was sold at Boston, May, 1876, lot No. 8130 was entitled "*Ohel* or *Beth-shemesh*, a Tabernacle for the Sun; or *Irenicum Evangelicum*. An Idea Church of Church Discipl.ne in the Theorick and Practick Parts," London, 1653, 4to. The author was John Rogers, rector of Purleigh, the successor of Lawrence Washington, and the one who paid a portion of the tithes to Mrs. Washington, as shown by Mr. M. D. Conway in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1891. Mr. John Ward Dean remembers the book as containing some autobiographical items. If the purchaser of Drake's copy, or the happy owner of any other copy, will now examine it, possibly some item may be found in regard to Purleigh. I should like very much to see the book.—Yours very truly,

W. H. WHITMORE.

BOSTON, September 30, 1891.

P. S.—In order to give all possible clues, I would say that in *Notes and Queries*, 7th s. xii. p. 23, July 11, 1891, a writer signing himself "Vernon" made a coarse and apparently venomous attack on Mr. Waters's book. "Vernon" speaks of some deeds which he had lately copied, one of which shows that Sir John, and not Sir William, was the oldest son of the Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave who died in 1616.

"This Sir John of Thrapston in 1627 became bound for a debt of John Lord Mordaunt, afterwards Earl of Peterborough, and after the Earl's death he was sued and outlawed for the debt, which may account for the mystery which seems to shroud him also. Another of these deeds, in which yet another Laurence occurs, fourth in direct descent from the grantee of Sulgrave, gives just a possibility of a different link. If any one unconnected with the New England Society is interested enough and has time, which I have not, to work out this possibility, I shall be glad to give my references and any notes likely to be of use."

I hope some one of your readers not belonging to the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, to which this "Vernon" has so pronounced a dislike, will follow up this challenge and see if he has any information worth notice.

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WHAT THE RUSSIANS READ.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The London correspondent of the New York *Times*, not long ago having finished with William II. of Germany and written *quod erat demonstrandum*, has now taken up a corollary, being prepared to finish Alexander III. of Russia. In the *Times* of Monday, September 14, he does the Russian people so great injustice that I beg of you a little space for some incontestable facts in protest. The injustice is contained especially in the italicized part of the following paragraph:

"Another indication [that "the great empire" is "marching back to barbarism"], perhaps even more significant, is found in the immense proportional increase of books printed in the Russian language. Booksellers who formerly kept a few Russian works, and devoted most of their shelf space to French, German, and even English literature, now see the conditions quite reversed. *The new Russian generation is far less inclined to reading of any sort than that which flourished under the Liberator Czar, and is also far less well educated. The demand for serious works has fallen almost to nothing. The principal display in every window and on every counter of foreign books is of Zola's novels. The Russian books, all in pamphlet form, are for the most part translations of Zola and other French novelists*, and these are annually read in increasing numbers, because younger Russians are not learning languages as their fathers did."

Our facts in refutation of this slander are taken from the St. Petersburg *Knizhny Viestnik*, the "Organ of the Russian Association of Booksellers and Publishers." In the January number of this year are given the "statistics of the book-publishing business in Russia for 1890," which show a total of 4,358 works. An analysis of the monthly numbers of 1890 shows that a single (combined) copy of all the works consisted of 680,133 pages (averaging 156 to each work), and that the number of copies all told was 11,755,503 (averaging 2,697). (It must be remarked, parenthetically, that in this journal the notice of each new work gives, almost without exception, the number of pages and the size of the edition—number of copies.) The analysis also shows that translations from foreign languages occupied but about 10 per cent. of the pages and 5½ per cent. of the copies.

The class *belles-lettres* in the table below will be seen to contain 18 per cent. of all the pages and 10 per cent. of all the copies. Of this the translations form about one-fifth by pages and one-sixth by copies. Of these translations, again, not quite one-third by pages and a little more than one-third by copies are from the French. And of these just one is a translation of Zola, of 442 pages and 2,800 copies. Against this Zola let us put some other Frenchmen, naming first number of pages and then number of copies: Gaboriau, 1,103, 8,000; Daudet, 1,137, 7,740; Hugo, 745, 6,500; Verne, 799, 5,500; Molière, 160, 5,110; Flaubert, 352, 5,000; Dumas, 282, 4,800. Others of this class are: Madame (Guizot) de Witt, Copiée, Ohnet, Cullerre, Girardin, Gérard de Nerval, etc. We cannot tell, of course, how many Russian translations of Zola get across the Tsar's borders from France and Germany; but if there were any truth in the statements about Zola's works contained in the paragraph quoted, there could not possibly be any such showing in the *Knizhny Viestnik*.

We are told that "the demand for serious works has fallen almost to nothing." The table below completely refutes that assertion; but two more examples from the class *belles-lettres* must be given, for comparison with the French: 'Paradise Lost' appears in 351 pages and 6,000 copies; and "Hamlet" in 136 pages and 10,000 copies. Where is Zola now? and where the lack of "demand for serious works"?

Class.	No. of works	Per cent. of the whole		Rus. translations: Per cent. of the class	
		by pages	by copies	by pages	by copies
Theology	244	5.7	7.3	4.79	1.06
Philosophy	46	.9	.4	26.77	24.56
Pedagogics	56	1.2	.7	12.61	3.05
Philology	455	11.2	19.1	6.49	3.07
Belles-lettres	639	18.1	10.1	20.23	16.55
Geography	119	2.7	2.1	3.34	3.79
History	281	9.6	3.6	5.11	5.12
Political science	337	12.6	3.5	2.15	1.36
Mathematics	158	2.2	3.7	3.38	1.88
Military and naval science	209	5.1	2.9	2.22	1.32
Natural science	137	2.8	1.1	10.79	14.3
Medical science	372	7.8	4.2	30.7	30.96
Technology	181	2.9	1.3	19.25	14.38
Rural economy	95	1.6	1.6	1.11	2.19
Juvenile	152	3.1	4.9	30.39	18.67
Popular (national)	410	3.6	23.5	.58	.21
Art	283	3.4	4.4	13.66	6.45
Works for reference	234	5.5	5.6	0.0	0.0
	4,358	100.0	100.0		

The *Times* correspondent seems so determined to go wrong in regard to Russia that, when obliged to recognize a fact, he would compel it to bear false witness. "The immense proportional increase of books printed in the Russian language," instead of being, as he asserts, a significant indication of a "grand national retrograde movement," is most significant of national advancement, and must delight the heart of the Russian patriot—who is not a myth, notwithstanding what a German would call the "outlandish" newspapers.

J. Sumner Smith.

New Haven, October 3, 1891.

SERVETUS AND THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you allow the correction of a possible incorrect inference from your note in the last *Nation* regarding the German translation of 'Christianismi Restitutio'? Servetus did not describe the complete circulation of the blood—*i. e.*, from the left ventricle of the heart through the vessels of the body to the right ventricle (systemic circulation), and from the right ventricle through the vessels of the lungs to the left ventricle (pulmonary circulation). It was the pulmonary circulation only that he was aware of and described (1553), in opposition to the common belief of his time that a direct communication existed between the right and left ventricles through the ventricular septum. Cæsalpinus (1593) still held to this idea of Galen regarding the porosity of the septum, but accepted in part the pulmonary circulation also. From some passages in his writings it has been inferred that he recognized the systemic circulation, but this is doubtful.

Certainly the complete circulation, in the sense of a passage of the blood through two systems of vessels and both sides of the heart and a return to its starting point, was not known until it was established by Harvey's brilliant experiments and careful observations (1628).

Frederic S. Lee.

Columbia College, October 3, 1891.

Notes.

Harper & Bros. will publish during the present month the 'Collected Writings and Memoirs of the late Field Marshal von Moltke'; 'Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh,' by Laurence Hutton; 'The Warwickshire Avon,' by T. Quiller-Couch, with illustrations by Alfred Parsons; 'Studies in the Wagnerian Drama,' by Henry E. Krehbiel; 'Arts and Criticism,' and 'The Spanish-American Republics,' by Theodore Child; 'American Football,' by Walter Camp; an *édition de luxe* of 'Ben Hur,' in two volumes, with 20 full-page photogravures and more than a thousand marginal drawings from designs by William Martin Johnson; 'Life and Letters of Gen. Thomas J. ("Stonewall") Jackson,' by his widow, edited by the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field; and 'Sharp Eyes,' insect, bird, and flower studies by W. Hamilton Gibson.

Charles Scribner's Sons have in preparation 'The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon,' by J. A. Froude; 'Japonica,' Sir Edwin Arnold's observations on Japan, with illustrations by Robert Blum; 'Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator,' by Edward Whymper; 'Lyra Heroica,' by W. E. Henley; 'Across Russia,' by Dr. Charles A. Stoddard; 'Ocean Steamships,' the series of papers that have been running in *Scribner's Magazine*; 'Nature and Man in America,' by Prof. N. S. Shaler; 'On the Border with Crook,' by Capt. John G. Bourke, with illustrations; 'Elsket, and Other Stories,' by Thomas Nelson Page; and the "American History Series" in epochs—Prof. Geo. P. Fisher of Yale treating of discovery and colonization; Prof. W. M. Sloane of Princeton, of the French Wars and the Revolution; President F. A. Walker of the Boston Institute of Technology, of the Constitution and national consolidation; and Prof. J. W. Burgess of Columbia, of the period from the peace of 1815 to the end of Reconstruction—this last occupying two volumes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in hand 'The Odes and Epodes of Horace,' translated into English verse by the Rev. John B. Hague, with notes and a parallel eclectic Latin text and references to previous translations; 'The Art Teaching of John Ruskin,' by W. G. Collingwood; 'A Guide to Greek Tragedy,' by Prof. L. Campbell; and 'English Literature during the Past Fifty Years,' by Mrs. Oliphant. They have nearly ready a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Chas. Burr Todd's 'History of the Burr Family,' with a chapter, by Justice Bradley of the United States Supreme Court, on the Wheeler family, with which the Burrs were closely allied.

Macmillan & Co. promise an *édition de luxe* of Mrs. Oliphant's 'Makers of Florence,' with 200 additional plates; Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford,' with illustrations by Hugh Thomson; a 'Browning Cyclopædia,' with commentary and explanations, by Dr. Edward Berdoe; and 'Man and Beast in India,' by L. J. Kipling, father of the novelist.

'A Frenchman in America,' by Max O'Rell, with numerous illustrations by Kemble, is in the press of Cassell & Co.

Kemble will also lend his pencil to a holiday edition of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have undertaken; and Edward H. Garrett will illustrate their new issue of Whittier's 'Snow-Bound.'

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Prof. Alpheus S. Packard's 'The Labrador Coast: a Journal of Two Summer Cruises to that Region,' which has been delayed in publication, is set down for the present month by N. D. C. Hodges, 47 Lafayette Place.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will share in the English enterprise of issuing a group of volumes of sermons or addresses selected or expressly written by distinguished representative men in the Church of England and in the chief branches of British Nonconformity. Each will contain a portrait of the author, a biographical sketch, and a bibliography. The Archbishop of Canterbury leads off with 'Living Theology.'

Little, Brown & Co. will bring out a collection of 'Elizabethan Songs,' with an introduction by Andrew Lang and illustrations by E. H. Garrett.

The 'Calendar of Sonnets by H. H.,' announced by Roberts Brothers, will have twelve illustrations by Émile Bayard and vignettes by Garrett.

J. C. Nimmo, London, begins his list of new books for the present month with a limited reprint of 'The Humorist,' containing forty illustrations by George Cruikshank, colored by hand; together with 'The Cruikshankian Momus,' pictorial broadsides and humorous song-headings by the three Cruikshanks, being fifty-two designs, also colored by hand. Other titles are: 'Last Words on the History of the Title-page,' with notes on some colophons and twenty-seven facsimiles of title-pages (including the first page of the Mazarin Bible), by Alfred W. Pollard; new editions of 'Notitia Venatica,' a treatise on fox-hunting, by Robert T. Vyner, and of Joseph Grego's 'Reminiscences and Recollections of Captain Gronow,' with hand-colored illustrations in each case; the 'Dramatic Works of George Farquhar,' edited by Alex. Charles Ewald, in two volumes, limited to 520 copies; and 'The Soft Porcelain of Sèvres,' fifty plates, royal folio, with an historical introduction by Édouard Garnier.

Mr. J. Scott of the British civil service in Corea, who issued a few years ago his Corean Phrase-book, is now seeing through the press a 'Dictionary of the Corean Language.' The work is based on seven years' research among the native records and official documents and oral sources of the language, Mr. Scott being among the first to master the vernacular on the ground and among the people. The book will be ready before the end of the year.

The definitive edition of Dr. Holmes's writings which is now being published, under the author's supervision, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is beyond the need of comment for its contents. It will fill thirteen duodecimo volumes, exactly matching the final Lowell in size and in type, but the printed page is broader and slightly more condensed, and the margins are narrower. The binding is in a red cloth, with a leather stamp, and does not indicate the series by volume numbers, so that purchasers can take the set or any part. The prose leads off, and the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' constitutes vol. i., and bears the likeness of Dr. Holmes at the age of forty. In the fourth volume, 'Over the Teacups,' there is an etched portrait, later, but without date. Characteristic new prefaces are prefixed to each volume. The "Autocrat" returns an unaffected "encyclical of thanks" to his multitude of admirers and correspondents, and seizes the opportunity to recant an intimation, in his preface of 1882, that mechanical invention had exhausted itself with the telescope and electric illumination. The electric motor has rebuked him, and we hope the flying-machine will do so in its turn. The "Professor" congratulates himself on the liberal tendencies within the evangelical sects, and the evidence that "there is no such thing as an air-tight reservoir of doctrinal finalities." The "Poet" deplores afresh the evil consequences of "the process of scientific specialization"; it is the only pessimistic note in these prefaces. The indexes, indispensable accompaniments of Dr. Holmes's discursiveness, are seductive to any mind not wholly devoid of intellectual curiosity.

The meritorious translations from the Dialogues of Plato, by an anonymous admirer, which the Scribners have been publishing at intervals during the past dozen years, now amount to four volumes, 'Socrates,' 'A Day in Athens with Socrates,' 'Talks with Socrates about Life,' and 'Talks with Athenian Youths.' Made each for the hand, as a group they seem appropriately to belong together in a box, and so they come to us, in a reissue which deserves to be borne in mind as the gift season approaches.

Since we are speaking of new editions, it will be in place to mention here Loftie's 'Westminster Abbey,' with Herbert Railton's and other illustrations, a comely octavo (Macmillan); Capt. Metcalfe's 'Course of Instruction in Ordnance and Gunnery' (John Wiley & Sons); Van Dyke's 'Poetry of Tennyson,' revised and enlarged (Scribners); and John Rae's 'Contemporary Socialism' (Scribners). Mr. Van Dyke has added a chapter taking account of Tennyson's latest production, and another for a guide to the study of Tennyson by a classification of his poems. He has also revised the valuable chronology of Tennyson's Life and Works, with the aid of the poet himself. The most extensive revisions of Mr. Rae's work are found in the chapters on "The Progress and Present Position of Socialism" and on "Russian Nihilism," while two new chapters have been added—"Anarchism" and "State Socialism"—the latter being nearly 100 pages long. We can but repeat the praise of the author's thorough research and philosophic temper which we expressed on the appearance of the first edition, in 1884.

Prof. Buchheim, the indefatigable editor and interpreter of German poetry and prose, has given us another fruit of his labor in an attractive little volume of 'Balladen und Romanzen' (Golden Treasury Series, Macmillan & Co., 1891), which is in every way a worthy companion to his 'Deutsche Lyrik,' published some ten years ago. The same praiseworthy accuracy in the rendering of the text, the same careful adherence to the chronological order, the same cautious, somewhat pedantic judgment of artistic merit which characterized the earlier volume, are to be found here again, and help to make up a collection of narrative German poetry which it is not too much to say is truly representative. Some minor objections to Prof. Buchheim's criticism and method of selection might, of course, easily be raised. It is hard to see what is gained by such a dubious statement as his definition of *Ballade* as a dramatic-lyrical, of *Romanze* as an epic-lyrical poem. It is to be regretted that he should not have found space for at least a few specimens of the popular ballad. No possible excuse, it seems, could be found for the insertion of such a trashy production as H. Pröhle's "Kaiserwoort in Goslar," based on an absurd piece of *Volksetymologie*, and destitute of any idea or sentiment, except an almost insipid Byzantinism. But it would be unfair to dwell on the defects of a work which, taken as a whole, must be ranked with the best of its kind, and which is a most welcome addition to the unfortunately small number of trustworthy and well-edited German text-books.

The folio 'Popular Hand-Atlas of the World' which bears the imprint of T. Nelson & Sons, proceeds from the house of J. Bartholomew in Edinburgh, and is an abridgment of the 'Library Reference Atlas' made by the same cartographer for Macmillan & Co. last year. Many of the maps are identical, some are reduced in size, and there are sixty-seven in all as against eighty-four in the fuller collection. With an eye to the American market, the maps of North and South America precede those of Europe and the rest of the Eastern Hemisphere. The United States are delineated on a fairly large scale, as in the 'Library Reference Atlas,' but the map of Virginia and the Carolinas has been for some reason omitted from the series, and Maine has been docked from procrustean necessity, as Florida has been. The execution of the Bartholomew maps is familiar to all who have at all compared atlases. They succeed in being clear, and err on that side rather than on the side of fulness. This collection will be found handy, and it is provided with a "descriptive index," which is really a one-line gazetteer, and does not locate the names on the maps by ordinates and coördinates. A 'Globe Hand-Atlas,' from the same maker and publishers, is large octavo in form, and gives fifty-four maps, with an index by latitude and longitude. Three of the number exhibit classical geography, and some show the physical geography of the chief continents.

Dietrich Reimer, Berlin, sends us two more examples of his school wall-maps, namely, fourth editions of South America (political) and Africa (physical), by Heinrich Kiepert, revised by Richard Kiepert. They are on the same scale, 1:8,000,000, and are in four and six sheets respectively, strongly colored to catch the eye. It is to be remarked that the physical map of Africa is not devoid of names of places, bays, rivers, mountains, etc. The authority of the Kieperts, father and son, needs no endorsement from us.

Mr. Hamerton pursues his theme of "The Present State of the Fine Arts in France," in the *Portfolio* for August and September (Macmillan). He treats first (it is really eighthly) of the caricaturists—a race almost extinct in England, as he says, referring to "the genuine old caricature," whereas French caricature has survived and "made progress during the last twenty years." He regards "'Caran d'Ache' (pronounced 'd'Ash')" as the most original and inventive of living caricaturists, carrying the narrative style to perfection. In his ninth paper, Mr. Hamerton deals with portrait and landscape, and has some judicious observations on the practice, so common in Salons, of withholding the names of private persons whose portraits are exhibited. This may be delicacy or a *conditio sine qua non*, in most cases, but Mr. Hamerton suggests a descriptive title, *e. g.*, "The Lady with One Glove," as an aid to memory in place of "Madame D." He thinks there is a strong present tendency to be truthful in portraiture. In discoursing of landscape he says that though France vies with the best in Switzerland or Spain, "very few Frenchmen have attacked mountainous scenery with success."

A landscape by Binet, "La Grand' Mare à Saint-Aubin, près Quillebœuf," cited by Mr. Hamerton as an example of this painter's capacity for laying before us an extensive tract of country, is reproduced by process in *L'Art* for July 15 (Macmillan), and substantiates the justice of this critic's praise. In the same

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number a worthy companion of Caran d'Ache, "Crafty," is represented in delightful narrative caricature. And again, in the issue for August 15, we meet with Émile Friant's "Ombres Portées," which Mr. Hamerton mentions for its portrait quality, though he describes it accurately as "a very middle-class man, far from handsome, . . . expressing silent love and adoration [he is squeezing her hand] for a very middle-class woman, far from pretty, and who does not seem encouraging."

In *Sun and Shade* for October (New York: Photo-Gravure Co.) the first plate in position and in importance is the portrait of James Russell Lowell from the Gutekunst negative, which is one of the landmarks of the poet's latter age. Lowell is also remembered abundantly in the current number of the *New England Magazine*, where reminiscences by Edward Everett Hale and verses by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton are followed by a very serviceable account of the *Pioneer* by E. D. Mead. Mr. Mead gives several examples of Mr. Lowell's contributions to this short-lived venture, and they warrant the remark that "there is no word which Lowell wrote for the *Pioneer* which is not interesting as read to-day." The interest of the article is greatly heightened by fac similes of the title-page of No. 1 of the *Pioneer* and of some of its illustrations, including one by a Cruikshankian Boston caricaturist, D. C. Johnston, who did not deserve the oblivion into which he has fallen. Before leaving this number of the *New England Magazine*, which is replete with profitable reading, we should mention the opening pages of Gen. B. F. Butler's autobiography.

It is pleasant to record the fact that at the recent Berlin Exhibition the Grand Prize of Honor was awarded to the Society of American Wood-Engravers.

"E. J. S." writes from Washington: "Apropos of the controversy between philosopher and rain-maker, may we not infer from the presence of meteorological instruments that production of rain must be preceded by careful barometric observations? Of course you know the laconic advice given by the bishop to the curate, when asked for his sanction of prayers for rain: 'First consult the barometer'?"

"S. I. S." writes from New Haven: "Lowell's lines, quoted by Mr. Whitney in the last *Nation*, are from 'To the Muse,' in the volume entitled 'Under the Willows,' published in 1869, and also in the 'Household Edition' of the Poetical Works, published in 1876."

"In the *Nation* of September 24," writes "J. W.," "'X.' thinks *gotten* is not one of those 'numerous survivals' of Elizabethan English current here and obsolete in England; but Hakluyt ('Westerne Planting,' p. 102), writing in 1584, was certainly Elizabethan when he said, 'They have *gotten* the starte of us.'"

—It is perhaps not too much to call M. Jules Huret's 'Enquête sur l'Evolution littéraire' (Paris: Charpentier; New York: F. W. Christern) one of the most extraordinary books in the history of authorship. M. Huret is a reporter on the staff of an enterprising French daily newspaper called *L'Écho de Paris*, and during March, April, May, and June of this year he went about Paris asking the leading literary men of the French capital their opinions as to the literary outlook, as to whether or not the naturalism of M. Zola was dead or dying, as to whether the psychologists would inherit the vogue of the departed Naturalists, and as to the value of the new school of Symbolists. Sixty-four interviews in all appeared in the newspaper, and are now reprinted in the present volume, accompanied by various letters, corrections, and supplementary opinions. Nowhere but in France could such a book have been possible; nowhere else is there such a keen interest in the principles and manifestations of literary art; nowhere else are there so many young authors ardently in search of new formulas. In the main, the discussion is curious rather than fruitful, but it supplies abundant material for satiric opinion of the literary temperament. The younger men especially are unsparing iconoclasts, and respect none of their elders; nor do they dwell together in amity among themselves. The new school of poets, the Decadents and the Symbolists, are especially intolerant towards each other. Even a man as old as M. Leconte de Lisle allows himself to cast reflections on M. Anatole France, with the result that pistols and coffee seemed probable; but once again "your If is your only peacemaker." The only American author of whom any of the disputants seem ever to have heard is Poe, although one of the sixty-four cites Emerson casually. Two of the Symbolists are Americans, Mr. Stuart Merrill and Mr. Viele-Griffin; one is a Greek, M. Moreas; and another coming light, M. Maurice Maeterlinck, is a Belgian. Altogether, M. Huret's book is a most amusing exhibition of *fin de siècle* Parisianism.

—In the discussion of the authorship of the Aristotle papyrus, now in full swing, the doubters appear to be mainly British scholars, while the Germans—with two or three conspicuous exceptions—accept the treatise as Aristotle's, as even more Aristotelian than Aristotle himself. In Ad. Bauer ('Literarische und Historische Forschungen,' etc. Munich: Beck), we have a thoroughgoing vindicator of the Aristotelian authorship, as also of the enormous value of the work, in which, he claims, we have at last the key to many vexed problems of Athenian history. He provides a useful chronological table for the period between B. C. 595 and 446. We miss a satisfactory discussion of Aristotle's sources, and think Bauer wrong in some of his corrections of the text; but his little book is distinctly the most important contribution yet made to the literature of the papyrus. Schvarcz, whose brilliant and original work on Democracy is known to all students of institutions, wishes to assign the treatise to Demetrius of Phaleron, the "Phalereus" of Milton, friend of Theophrastus and Governor of Athens B. C. 317-307 (*Ungarische Revue*, April). Rühl of Königsberg rejects it as unworthy of Aristotle, but makes no suggestion as to its author (*Rheinisches Museum*, vol. xlvi, No. 3). Fr. Cauer's contention, in his 'Hat Aristoteles die Schrift vom Staat der Athener geschrieben?' (Stuttgart: Göschen), that the work was independently composed by a pupil of Aristotle, will commend itself only to those who concur with Cauer in finding defects in it inexplicable on the hypothesis of Aristotelian authorship, and are ready to reject all positive testimony on the point. We are disposed to admit that Aristotle had help in collecting material, and that small portions of the treatise may have been compiled by another hand; but it is clear that these parts were revised and touched up by Aristotle—though not rewritten—and the whole work carries the weight of his name. It is pushing scepticism too far to deny to Aristotle a work accepted as his by his younger contemporaries, unchallenged in antiquity, with many internal evidences of genuineness, merely because it is not quite what we should have looked for. We must not forget that our ideal has been formed upon works written for a different purpose, themselves not wholly free from suspicion. This popular and sketchy "primer of Athenian constitutional history and citizen's handbook," as it has been happily characterized by an English scholar, is not to be judged as if it aimed to be a body of political doctrine, systematically arranged, for the use of the well-informed members of the Peripatetic school.

—In the Prince Consort Prize Dissertation for 1890, by J. W. Headlam of King's College, 'Election by Lot at Athens' (Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan), we have an ingenious discussion of an interesting question, brought to date by the use of the new 'Constitution of Athens.' The writer aims to show that election by lot, though religious in origin, had, as practised, no religious significance whatever; that it flourished because it was a thoroughly democratic institution. It secured perfect equality among the citizens, rotation in office, and the authority of the Assembly. In the sense that democracy is inverted monarchy (Sir H. Maine), the Assembly ruled absolutely, becoming at times the "Tyrant Demos"; it had its favorite advisers, but there were no such things at Athens as party organizations and party management in our sense. Mr. Headlam's essay is original in its sharp criticism of the current view that party feeling at Athens found expression in the elections of generals and of other officers. He argues that elections had no political meaning whatever, since the officials elected had small powers, and were under the constant control of the Assembly. Party feeling found its vent, if anywhere, at the law-courts: the "sycophant" was the bane of ancient politics, where lot prevailed; whereas modern states, where elections are the rule, are cursed by the wire-puller. To choice by lot are due two good features in the Athenian system, which is a more genuine form of democracy than has since come into existence, viz., unexampled regularity and purity in the administration of the State, and absence of intense and long-continued party passion. The author's contention that elections had no party or political significance, seems hardly borne out by all the facts; but he does well to bring extravagant opinions on the subject back to the right mean. There are a few slips—*e. g.*, Aeschines was Ambassador in Peloponnese in B. C. 348, not in 346 (p. 73); Demosthenes was Commissioner for Fortifications in B. C. 337, not 338 (p. 107); the plans criticised by the Boulé were probably designs for the embroidery on the peplus of Athena, not plans of temples (p. 189); misprints on pp. 94, 168, 183, 187, etc.—but the little book is an important and suggestive one. The writer's originality, combined with sobriety, and his lucidity of statement, lead us to look for further valuable work from him.

—A rare monument of literary industry and indomitable perseverance under seemingly insuperable difficulties is Constant von Wurzbach's 'Biographisches Lexikon des Kaiserthums Oesterreich,' the sixtieth and final volume of which has just appeared. The author, who was born at Laibach in the Austrian province of Illyria, and is now in the seventy-fourth year of his age, began life as a soldier, entering the army at eighteen before he had finished his studies at the university. After four years of rather severe military service, he was promoted in 1841 to the rank of lieutenant. At that time his regiment was stationed in Lemberg in Galicia, where he had an opportunity of resuming his academical pursuits, and, in 1843, after passing an *examne*

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rigorosum, he received the degree of doctor of philosophy from the university of that city. In 1844 he threw up his commission and was appointed to a place in the library of the Lemberg University; four years later he was transferred to a similar position in the Imperial Library at Vienna and made keeper of the archives of the Ministry of the Interior. The first sheets of the 'Biographical Lexicon,' which it was originally intended to complete in a dozen volumes, were printed in 1855. Not only the labor, but also the entire cost, of the undertaking rested at first upon the shoulders of Wurzbach, whose finances were hardly able to sustain the heavy burden. Fortunately, with the issue of the sixth volume, the very favorable criticisms of the work, especially by the German press, induced the Austrian Government to intervene and bear a portion of the expense of publication; the Imperial Academy of Sciences also voted a small sum to be paid on the completion of each successive volume. Ultimately, he was granted a permanent leave of absence in order that he might devote all his time and energy to his important task, while retaining his official position and enjoying the emoluments of it. Very soon, too, it became evident that the mass of material which had been already collected, and was constantly increasing, could not be advantageously compressed within the narrow limits originally proposed. The author resolved, therefore, to enlarge his plan, to give himself ample space and scope, and to do full justice to the subjects treated, regardless of the size which his work might finally attain. For his purpose the political boundaries of the Austrian Empire are the same today as they were in 1855; he ignores the battles of Magenta, Solferino, and Königgrätz, and the treaties of peace concluded at Villafranca and Prague, and regards Lombardy and Venice as still under the sceptre of Franz Joseph. He also retains administrative divisions of the empire that have long ceased to exist, and are now well-nigh forgotten, such as the territory formerly known as "Serbische Wojwodschaft und Temeser Banat," which was made a "crown-land" in 1849, but, on the reconstitution of Hungary in 1860, was, by an imperial decree, reunited with the kingdom of the Magyars. These otherwise harmless anachronisms are sometimes confusing to readers not perfectly familiar with the many political metamorphoses which the domain of the Hapsburgs has undergone.

—The unique value and epochal significance of Wurzbach's 'Lexicon' lie in the fact that it contains information concerning sovereigns, statesmen, scholars, musicians, poets, artists, authors, and other distinguished persons, not elsewhere easily accessible, and gives interesting glimpses into the intellectual characteristics and peculiar culture of the manifold and rather motley races of eastern Europe, of which the rest of the civilized world knows very little and has only scanty means of knowing anything more. Not the least of the preliminary difficulties which our author had to overcome, was the mastery of seventeen languages, without which it would have been impossible for him to carry on his investigations. These were the tools in the use of which he must become skilled before he could begin to quarry the material necessary to the construction of the edifice he had designed. That a work of this kind should be more or less strongly colored by the single mind which conceived and executed it is inevitable. One may not always be ready to endorse the personal views or political opinions expressed by Wurzbach, but no one, we think, will ever consult these volumes without finding what he seeks, nor lay them down without a warm feeling of gratitude to the man who had the boldness to enter upon such a gigantic task and the energy and erudition requisite for its successful completion. We may add that the 'Biographical Lexicon' is only one of many works on which Wurzbach's literary and scholarly reputation rests. Among his earlier publications we find a 'Bibliographical-Statistical Survey of the Literature of the Austrian Empire' (3 vols., 1854–56), in the form of official reports as librarian to the Minister of the Interior, Baron Alexander von Bach, and full of valuable information. Besides his 'Polish and Ruthenian Folk-Songs,' his 'Polish Proverbs,' his monograph on 'The Churches of Cracow' (an interesting contribution to the political and ecclesiastical history of Poland, as well as to the architecture and antiquities of the former capital of the Polish Republic), his well-known 'Schillerbuch,' his 'Historical Words, Proverbs, and Phrases,' and other works of a like character, he is the author of several volumes of verse published under the semi-pseudonym of W. Constant. The best of these productions are unquestionably the epics and ballads in his 'Gemmen' (Hamburg, 1855) and 'Cameen' (Düsseldorf, 1856), and his translations from various Slavic tongues, although as a lyrical poet he is by no means inferior to the multitude of ready rhymists who are essaying to climb the German Parnassus. In further proof of his versatility it may be stated that he printed at Lemberg in 1843 a book on the 'Elements of Geometry,' which was favorably received, and gave evidence of his ability to attain eminence as a mathematician had he not been diverted from this course by the superior charms of the Muses.

RECENT CELTIC LITERATURE.

Studies in the Arthurian Legend. By John Rhys. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891. Pp. viii., 411.

The Fians, etc. By J. G. Campbell. Introduction by Alfred Nutt. London: David Nutt. 1891. Pp. xxxviii., 292.

LIGHT is slowly but surely creeping over the dark places of our earth. And what could be darker and more labyrinthian, even to the professed student, than the Arthurian cycle? Yet for both reader and poet the nebulous world of Arthur and his knights and dames has always had a strange charm. Not to go beyond the bounds of English literature, we need only cite the names of Malory in the fifteenth century, Spenser in the sixteenth, Milton in the seventeenth, Tennyson, Swinburne, and Matthew Arnold in our own. Despite the cavils and strictures of critics of the logical school, we may admit, once for all, that the Arthurian atmosphere is congenial to poetry of a certain kind. Whether that kind be the highest and best, is another question. Enough to see and feel that it *is* poetry.

But the Arthurian world is, we have said, dark and labyrinthian. More than that, it is uncanny. Even in the Tennysonian adaptation *in usum Delphini*, there are touches of gloom that make one shrink. And the further back in the centuries one reads, the greater one's perplexity. How did it all come about, this mixture of religious fervor and blatant sensuality typifying the middle ages? What was the origin, or at least what is the final analysis, of such conglomerates as Arthur and Guinevere, Modred, Merlin, Lancelot, Gawain, Galahad, Tristan, and Isolde? To such questions Prof. Rhys's book supplies an answer which, if not final, is at least sufficient for the year and the century, and which does honor to the Oxford chair.

First, but not least, let us congratulate the author upon his perfect urbanity. This is no empty compliment. For ten years now the province of Celtic philology has been overhung by skies of blood and Apocalyptic vials of wrath. Zimmer, single-handed, on the one side, and Windisch, Stokes, Arbois de Jubainville, and their auxiliaries on the other, have waged bitter war. Charges and countercharges, incriminations and recriminations, have been hurled with deadly aim. Perhaps the cause of scholarship may ultimately gain through the shock of contention. But to live in this surcharged atmosphere is assuredly not pleasant. All the more welcome, therefore, must be a book which not only is replete with scholarship, but which breathes the blessed spirit of peace to all men of good will.

In general it seems to us that our author postulates too much in the ordinary reader. By this we mean not so much his assumption that the reader is, or ought to be, familiar with his Hibbert 'Lectures on Celtic Heathendom,' published in 1888 (the book is not difficult to procure), as his assumption that the reader possesses an off-hand familiarity with the salient features of Arthurian story, ancient and modern, and with the characteristics of Celtic literary form. This is a very rare acquisition. Those who have it can be counted off on the fingers of one's hand. Our readers may test the matter for themselves. Let them try to "place" an Arthurian name, trait, or incident in Gildas, Nennius, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Chrétien of Troyes, the 'Mabinogion,' the Welsh Triads, or in Malory. We are far from seeking a quarrel with so amiable and conscientious a searcher after truth. We admit freely the force of his statement, in the preface, that it has been his "chief object . . . to make Welsh literature help to shed light on the Arthurian legend," and therefore not to formulate the legend itself. Nevertheless, from the purely practical point of view, we believe that Prof. Rhys would have helped his "general reader" more had he given a ré-umé, a skeleton, as it were, of the Arthurian legend. This assumes, of course, his ability to discover a skeleton in the amorphous mass. But perhaps there is none, perhaps the legend belongs to the order of invertebrates. Be that as it may, the reader will have to know familiarly the Arthurian legend in its successive stadia before he can justly estimate the author's elucidations.

Within our narrow limits we shall attempt to give only a few of Prof. Rhys's positions. Arthur is a blending of history and myth, of a *Comes Britanniæ* who defended his country against the invading Saxons, and of a Celtic divinity, either a sun-god or a culture-hero. It is interesting to learn the etymology of the name. Prof. Rhys equates it with an assumed Latin *artor*, parallel with the actual *arātor* "ploughman," ploughing of course symbolizing cultivation and culture in general. In this connection we should like to know what to do with Art the son of Conn in Irish legend. Still more interesting is the examination of Guinevere (Gwen hwyvar, or "white spectre"), p. 38, and the parallel between her and Etáin, or Be Find in Irish. But we can scarcely accept the explanation, p. 33, that Be Find is *more correctly* Be Bind. In Irish, *bind* and *find* are distinct words, the former meaning "sweet, melodious," the latter "fair, white." Fair woman is expressed in Irish by Be Find. The "triad" of Guineveres is equated

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with the triad of Etáins and the triad of Isoldes (in the Tristan story). The capture or recapture of Guinevere by Arthur, or by Lancelot, is likened by Gaston Paris and by our author to the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. This brings us at once to the nether-world, which plays, we may say, the leading rôle in Celtic mythology. Most of the fantastic exploits which the later middle ages anthropomorphized so ingeniously are reducible to the perennial struggle between the powers of Light and the powers of Darkness. Even the Holy Grail itself, once supposed to be a purely Christian symbol, is regarded by Prof. Rhys (herein following Nutt in his 'Legend of the Holy Grail') as originally a cauldron of Hades. Whether the Nutt-Rhys theory will gain unqualified assent is a question that we cannot enter upon here. Our knowledge of *early* mediæval Christian legend is still too meagre. Lipsius's investigation of the apocryphal acts of the Apostles should teach us caution in setting too narrow limits to Oriental-Christian mysticism. How much that Grimm looked upon as Teutonic is now demonstrated by Lipsius to be Gnostic! At any rate, we fail to catch the point of our author's utterance, p. 326, "Outside the Celtic domain one may point to the Dwarf's Cup as one of the old Norse terms symbolic of thought, wisdom, and especially the inspiration of poetry," and we would ask our author how he happened to overlook the infinitely more celebrated 'Kettle' that furnishes the theme to no less than two entire poems in the Edda, namely, the "Hymiskvidha" and the "Lokasenna" (Oegisdrekka).

The identification of Peredur-Percival with Lancelot is highly suggestive. Equally so the parallel between the Empress in the Peredur story and the Irish Mórrígu, or Great Queen, and the suggestion of a contamination of the Celtic name Etain with the Greek name Helen (Elen) of the celebrated mother of Constantine the Great, p. 110. It need not disturb our enjoyment of Tennysonian poetry to learn that the Lily Maid of Astolat and the Lady of Shalott are but different phases of the same myth. Prof. Rhys's remark upon the weird fascination exercised by the Lady of Shalott in Tennysonian verse should meet with hearty approval. And so also should his passing condemnation of the Laureate's conception of Arthur himself, "falsetto preachments of the modern muse," p. 20. But we are less confident that it will. The Anglo-American Philistine has, we fear, accepted the falsetto preachments as Arthurian gospel.

In connection with the *green* color mentioned, pp. 53, 59, we miss an adequate discussion of the curious English romance of Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight. It is barely mentioned, p. 174. Occasionally the author introduces illustrative parallels from Teutonic mythology, *e. g.*, Siegfried's wooing in behalf of Gunther, pp. 226, 233. Such parallels, we think, might have been easily multiplied. Peredur's forgetting and neglect of Yngharad, pp. 85, 87, 112, 218, has its counterpart in Siegfried's forgetting of Brünhild. Less obvious, but not to be rejected, is the kinship between Cúchulainn's mare, p. 221, and Odhinn's horse Sleipnir. The heroes of Welsh stories, we read, never drive in chariots, but ride on horseback. In Irish myth, riding on horseback is commonly taken to be an indication of later composition. Can this test be applied to Welsh? At page 168 reference is made to the "fons Galabes," said by Geoffrey of Monmouth to be "in natione Gewisseorum." We should like to have an etymological interpretation of this name *Gewis*, which figures not only in Bede, but in the Anglo-Saxon chronicle. Sweet, in his 'Oldest English Texts,' treats the word as of Teutonic origin. But this is by no means certain. Perhaps Apollodorus, p. 197, may have had good reasons of his own for interpreting the Amazon's girdle captured by Hercules as the σύμβολον τοῦ πρωτεύειν ἁπασῶν, but the Siegfried-Brünhild story has taught us to regard such a girdle rather as the σύμβολον τῆς παρθενείας. And speaking of παρθενεία leads us to remark that Prof. Rhys's euphemistic allusion to chastity in Irish story-telling, p. 177, may be contrasted with Prof. Zimmer's terrific indictment, *Zeitschrift für deutsches Altertum* xxxii., 281-285. We regret that the Oxford professor should be unacquainted with his Greifswald colleague's memorable discussion of the Voyages of Maildun and Brendan, *Zeitschrift*, etc., xxxiii., 129-220, 257-338. His conception of the Celtic Hell and Paradise, and the Islands of the Dead, would have gained greatly in breadth and depth. But let us hasten to add that there is no fundamental difference of view between the two scholars.

Highly ingenious are our author's attempts to trace the evolution of original Welsh names; see pp. 284, 296, 299, and elsewhere. To appreciate the difficulties involved, one should first read chapter xvi, which treats of the various ways in which Welsh tradition came into the Anglo-French world. A name introduced orally was subjected to the usual corruptions of foreign ear and tongue. But these were slight in comparison with the clerical corruption of names occurring in ill-written Welsh manuscripts. Thus Rianon becomes Niniane and even Viviane, "the worst and most popular in print." The author's Irish references, however accurate as references, are not always as serviceable as they might be. The story of Conla the Red, p. 128, is referred to Windisch's Irish Grammar. A much more satisfactory reference would have been to Crowe's paper in the *Kilkenny Journal*, No. 17, giving text, translation, and introduction. We have detected one curious error of frequent occurrence in the notes. The famous Irish codex is cited as the 'Book of the Dun.' For this read 'Book of the Dun Cow.' And for an explanation of the curious title see O'Curry, 'Lectures on the MS. Materials,' etc., p. 30. The zealous Anglicist will hardly accept Prof. Rhys's estimate (p. 389) of pre-Norman English literature; but the present is no place for rectification.

We have ventured upon a few criticisms to show our interest in the subject. Of these Arthurian studies as a whole we can speak nothing but good. The book is throughout readable. Even in the most difficult passages the style is clear, simple, and elegant. The author's scholarship does not befog his utterance. We earnestly commend the book to all who would gain an insight into Arthurian legend.

Of an altogether different kind is the Rev. Mr. Campbell's book on the Fians. It is a collection of tales of Finn and his warriors, taken down by Mr. Campbell in the course of thirty years, from the lips of the Gaelic-speaking Scotch. Its chief value lies in its showing how deep-seated and widespread is the popular knowledge of Fionn mac Cumhall (pronounced Finn Mac Cool). The reader who approaches the collection from the side of Middle Irish literature will find little that is new; and that little is usually of a non-Celtic character, betraying contamination with one or another of the more common forms of European story-telling. Thus the trick of walking backwards into a cave (p. 166) resembles the story of the Greek robber Cacus, as is pointed out in the Introduction (p. x.). But the editor might have added that the fastening of Garry's hair to the logs (p. 165) suggests at least the story of Samson. The editor is not at his best in comparative philology. But we must be charitable to utterances like this (p. x.): "In the ancient geographical names of Greece and Rome many place-names are to be found that admit of much explanation from the Gaelic, *e. g.*, Marathon by the sea is very like Maranan, Seas or Waves." The major proposition is doubtless true; but the minor? We have one general fault to find with the make-up of the book. One's powers of divination are in constant demand to perceive where the editorial labor of introduction and comment ends and the story proper begins. This is wholly unnecessary. The only scientific plan of editing a story is to give the text as heard on one page, translation on the opposite page, verbal explanations in foot-notes, general explanations either before or after the text, or in both places. In any case the eye should be able to see at a glance what is editor and what is story-teller.

In that part of the introduction which is by Mr. Alfred Nutt, that accomplished scholar, whose name we have mentioned above in connection with the Grail legend, touches upon a subject now hotly debated, namely, the origin of the Finn story. Until quite recently it was universally assumed that Finn, son of Cumall, and his band, were as distinctively Irish as Cúchulainn and Queen Medb. But in 1890 Prof. Zimmer published in the *Zeitschrift für deutsches Altertum*, xxxv.—Nutt's reference to vol. liii. is an obvious slip of the pen—an article of 170 pp., in which he denied the Irish origin of the Finn story, and maintained that the Fenians were at bottom only Norwegian vikings of the ninth century marauding in Ireland. Finn himself was perhaps Caitill Find (the Irish rendering of Ketill Hví), a Norwegian leader who fell in 857. Mr. Nutt gives a fair résumé of Zimmer's position and arguments, to which we refer our readers. That the new theory should provoke angry protest from the Irish camp was inevitable. The Fenians of legend had given their name to Young Ireland as defenders of their country. To be informed that the original Fenians were but enemies (literally so, the word being, according to Zimmer, a corruption of Scandinavian *fjándr*, "enemy"), was too much for patriotic scholarship. In a brief appendix, Zimmer, going still further, contends that Oisin, the son of Finn (Macpherson's Ossian) was etymologically Ôswine, Oiserg was Ôsric, Osbran was Ôsbrand, Osult was Ôswald; Ôs- in these compounds being the well-known English equivalent of Âs- in Scandinavian. We will not take sides in the controversy. The points in dispute are at once difficult and obscure; time and patience alone can permanently settle them. Meanwhile we ought to be able to say this much at least without offending Irish susceptibilities: Irish myth and legend, in the shape in which they have come down to us (the MSS. cannot be dated earlier than 1100) are confused and incoherent. They need reconstruction as much as, let us say, the Siegfried myth in Norse-German, or the Beowulf myth in Anglo-Saxon. It is a truism of Irish history that for over two centuries prior to 1100, the island was at the mercy of invaders from Scandinavia. Is it at all improbable that these Danes, Swedes, or Norwegians should have brought with them their own mythology and imposed some of its traits upon their Celtic neighbors? It should be borne in mind that Zimmer two years be-

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fore, in the *Zeitschrift*, xxxiii., showed that even the earlier and undoubtedly Irish Cúchulainn cycle betrayed evidences of Teutonic contamination. His latest paper is but a continuation of the former. And his method in both is the same. In the Finn story, Finn burns his finger in cooking the salmon, and, sticking it hastily in his mouth, acquires thereby a knowledge of things unknown. From the Irish point of view this episode is unintelligible, but it becomes perfectly clear if we treat it as a garbled reminiscence of Siegfried roasting the heart of Fafnir. Not a few words and phrases in Irish legend are inexplicable by the laws of Celtic philology, but they are intelligible as corruptions of Norse words on the Irish tongue. We merely indicate the drift of Zimmer's argument. Whether all his etymologies and contentions will obtain final acceptance we leave to the future, contenting ourselves for the present with the belief that he has given a new and powerful impulse to mythological study. It is interesting to note that the burnt-finger episode occurs in Mr. Campbell's collection, p. 20.

Familiar Quotations: A Collection of Passages, Phrases, and Proverbs traced to their Sources in Ancient and Modern Literature. By John Bartlett. 9th ed. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1891.

WITH lengthening span, this indispensable handbook has steadily broadened its scope, till it pauses at the point indicated by its new sub-title. It is still preponderantly a poetical anthology, but the prose element is now significantly large, and in one block have been added 121 pages of translations extending from Bidpai to Uhland, some of them expressly made for this work, with generous draughts from Plutarch, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Diogènes Laertius, Cervantes, etc. A good deal of the old appendix has been incorporated in the body of the 'Quotations,' but the new appendix still fills eleven pages. If the type is slightly larger than in the eighth edition (1882), so also is the page, and there are now 1,158 pages against the former 904—an increase of much more than a third, as Mr. Bartlett reckons; and we gladly take his word that the stupendous index contains 10,000 additional lines.

These are the bare statistics of the compiler's final achievement, but it is impossible to indicate the amount of overhauling which the work has received in every part. At most we can touch upon a few representative names by way of suggestion. It cannot be denied that in a collection of this character the personal equation counts for very much; but if one should ask what poet in the past nine years had most absorbed public attention, the answer would be, unanimously, Browning. Browning clubs in England and America, Browning's death and Browning's Life, are notorious facts, and Browning quotations have consequently been the order of the day. Mr. Bartlett's recognition of this is almost startling in extent. In the eighth edition of the 'Quotations' there were just three extracts from Browning, and two of these were from "Paracelsus." The present edition leaps to nine *pages* of extracts, and the citations from "Paracelsus" have been quadrupled. Yet we remark with surprise that "The Lost Leader" only now is deemed "familiar." There is no other example of expansion comparable to this. Browning, by a disagreeable association, reminds us of Edward Fitzgerald, and so of Omar Khayyám, whose one extract has become six, in accordance with an enlarged reading and popularity of the "Rubáiyát." From Browning to Tennyson, too, is a natural transition; the latter's nine pages have been extended to twelve.

So much for contemporary English poets. Among their predecessors, Shakspere has become still more a household word, chiefly, it would appear, in the direction of the Sonnets; a rather tardy admission being accorded (among other well-known lines) to "Full many a glorious morning have I seen," and to "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments." Wordsworth fills no more pages than in the previous edition, but has made gains, not easy to discover on account of transpositions. Coleridge does better proportionately, but by an extension of his prose; extracts from his 'Table Talk' are given for the first time. These two poets admirably illustrate the fortuitous and arbitrary character of "familiar quotations," which are so far from being a criterion of the poetic worth and beauty of the pieces they are taken from. Let any one compare the single excerpt from the Peele Castle stanzas, or the two from the ode "Dejection," with what remains behind. But then, let any one love the poetry of Clough, and turn in vain to this dictionary to find a trace of popular favor—not even "Say not the struggle naught availeth," nor "It fortifies my soul to know"; neither "Peschiera" nor "Qua cursum ventus." His name is altogether wanting. Carlyle, the poet, suffers a like eclipse, though his translation of Goethe's "Symbolum" is known by heart to many. His prose, on the other hand, has been notably extended, from 'Sartor Resartus,' 'Heroes,' and 'Frederick the Great.'

Emerson, to come to America, has received a great expansion, and in his case, too, surprises are not few, in that "So nigh is grandeur to our dust," and "When half-gods go, The gods arrive," have just been discovered, and that his "Terminus"—perhaps the noblest swan-song of any poet—is still *terra incognita*. His prose sayings have been multiplied, and "Hitch your wagon to a star" at last finds its proper place in this handbook. So, oddly enough, does the stanza, "Life is real! life is earnest!" which had been heretofore passed over in Longfellow's "Psalm of Life"; and a shorter omission is likewise repaired. Had the fates ordained a tenth edition, perhaps we should have had this poem at last printed entire. Holmes's "Chambered Nautilus," again, has been recalled from a strange exile; and his prose has grown from one item to a page. The section devoted to Lowell was, as we see, in the press before the date of his death could be filled out. His three pages in the eighth edition have become eight, with two of prose—an innovation. First now to appear under Whittier we remark extracts from his "Ichabod" and "The Eternal Goodness"; but even so a page is hardly made out for a poet far more widely read than Lowell, yet also, we apprehend, less quoted, and certainly less quotable. And to these three preëminent poets of the elder generation, which of the later-born are to succeed, this dictionary being witness? Cranch, older than Lowell, and Channing, but a few months younger, and both still surviving, are little known to the great public of the present day. They have contributed something to Mr. Bartlett's store. Of all the rest, with possibly one or two obscure exceptions, Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, for her "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," and Bret Harte, for his "Heathen Chinee," alone pass current from mouth to mouth. That implies neglect of Aldrich, Chadwick, Gilder, Higginson, Howells, Joaquin Miller, Parsons, J. J. Piatt, Stedman, Stoddard, and Story among the men well known for their verse at the date of Mr. Bartlett's eighth edition; Miss Thomas, Miss Woolsey, Mrs. Piatt, Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. Dorr, Mrs. Thaxter, among the women—to mention no others, of both sexes. We may observe, too, that the recent dead, Bayard Taylor excepted, have fared no better, and that not a line serves for a headstone to Paul Hayne, Helen Hunt Jackson, Sidney Lanier, or John Boyle O'Reilly. Numbers, it is clear, do not suffice. The public, indifferent to if not annoyed by the swarm of latter-day bards, seems ready to exclaim with Goethe:

> "Wisse dass mir sehr misfällt
> Wenn so viele singen und reden!
> Wer treibt die Dichtkunst aus der Welt?
> Die Poeten!"

We might continue our evidences of the perfecting of his compilation on the part of Mr. Bartlett, but it is time that we too should say finis. No more useful example of persistent renovation and improvement of a standard work has been offered in this country, and seldom anywhere outside of Germany. While the 'Familiar Quotations' has been imitated and pirated in England, it has never been approached, and is to-day the convenience of all English-speaking peoples. Its rare textual accuracy, precise citation, original research, and instructive comparisons of nearly identical thoughts and expressions, would constitute a sufficient life-service for any author. But Mr. Bartlett does not cease from labor because he will put no further touches to the 'Familiar Quotations.' Praise and gratitude for this closed account; but a new page of the ledger will presently open when his Shakspere Concordance sees the light.

English Composition: Eight Lectures given at the Lowell Institute [Boston]. By Barrett Wendell. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

PROF. WENDELL has for a decade had a responsible charge at Harvard College in connection with the English department, and has acquitted himself well. All that he here tells us incidentally of his acquired experience as instructor in a most difficult branch, will profit his fellow-instructors everywhere. These, however, he does not address (for he has not aimed at making a text-book), but the public at large. As he undertook to interest a mixed audience by lecturing, so he thinks the general reader will find his remarks more appetizing than the ordinary manuals. Consequently, he has but slightly retouched his discourses. This seems to us a misjudgment, on several grounds.

In the first place, a lecturer on rhetoric must, almost of necessity, greatly curtail his illustrations and subordinate them to his general principles—must begin by developing the latter. This is the bane of text-books for beginners even in formal and exact science, and is what has made grammar so odious a study. The mind refuses to be interested in abstract definitions and systematic presentation; and the first business of a text-book is to interest. The lecturer who employs this method in a series is further at the disadvantage, as compared with a writer, of having to refresh the memory of the regular attendants, as well as to furnish a clue to listeners who come in at the middle of the course. In fact, Mr. Wendell resorts to a great deal of iteration—to a great deal more, we are sure, than he would have ventured upon or thought needful had he composed for readers alone. Then he has, as he freely confesses, been handicapped by the conditions of his lectureship, viz., so many talks of just an hour each, with

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the result of destroying the proportion he usually observes with his college classes; hence unavoidable compression and relatively undue stress.

Despite the compression, there is in some of these chapters an air of diffuseness and almost of padding. Much valuable space is wasted, as it seems to us, on a fanciful distinction between the written and the spoken word, which, for example, finds a concrete expression in the remarkable assertion that, "alone of the elements of style, paragraphs belong to written composition, and not to spoken." There is a whole chapter on paragraphs, which Mr. Wendell calls "parts of [written] composition," as if they were not parts of thought, whatever mode be taken to give them utterance. To the mind they represent single efforts, to the voice they are breathing-spells, to the eye they are merely punctuation-marks. Mr. Wendell's scheme has not, so far as we can see, any provision for the case of a thinker who dictates—say a review—to an amanuensis without indicating paragraphs. In the revision, if the thought has been orderly and logical, the paragraphing is merely a mechanical affair; and the nature of the composition will determine whether the cleavage be between topics or between categories. In the former case the paragraphic break may be likened to the period; in the latter to the semicolon.

Mr. Wendell admits that for him punctuation is a mystery; and in truth it cannot be taught in lectures without a great deal of apparatus. The few words he bestows upon the theme are of no worth for practical guidance. The same may be said of his observations on the correct use of *shall* and *will*, in which his loose idea is shown by the sentence, "I *will* come, means, clearly enough, that I should like to come very much." Was this in Regulus's mind when he pledged himself to return to the Carthaginians? "I will come" means "I intend, I am resolved, to come." It will not do here, as Mr. Wendell proposes, to refer to good manners or good sense for a criterion. In other parts of his doctrine he shifts his burden in like manner, and even calls in "the average man" as his *deus ex machina*. The appeal to good usage, which, of course, he constantly urges, is the only definite and practical rule.

The unconscious side of literary expression or style is hardly at all regarded by Mr. Wendell. Writers of eminence differ extremely among themselves in artistic intent, in rough-drafting, correction, polish; but substantially they write prose, as M. Jourdain spoke it, without knowing it. The gift is inborn, but so is the power of thought, without which mere fluency would never gain distinction for any one. "'I can't write, anyhow,' say students to me year after year; they mean," says Mr. Wendell, "that they won't think." This no more follows than it would from a person's declining to speak in public. A whole library of books on English composition could not teach a man to express himself on a subject beyond the range of his interest, his knowledge, or his natural capacity. Hence the discipline surest of success is to be sought in narration and description, in making abstracts from good models, and in translations. The thinking may be left to take care of itself, as may style in the higher sense. The cultivation of clearness, directness, and terseness is the thing to be aimed at for the ordinary student, who can never hope to shine as thinker or stylist. It would tend to spare Mr. Wendell his "most frequent experience," "the striking out of the first page or so of a student's compositions," written, as our author pleasantly says, in obedience to "a very strong impulse to preface something in particular by at least a paragraph of nothing in particular, bearing to the real matter in hand a relation not more inherently intimate than that of the tuning of violins to a symphony." It might also save his pupils from such defects as this (p. 181): "If rigid adherence to formal rules be fatally frigid, none the less fatal to any certainty of effect is *that* relaxation of grasp *that* must result from disregard of the principles of Unity, of Mass, and of Coherence, *that* underlie all formal rules"—where *the*, *that*, and *which* would have been more elegant and less monotonous, and at the same time more perspicuous; or this (p. 222): "I might go on almost as long as I chose. In brief, *these* seem to mean that we may assume the average man to know what good use is"—where the antecedent of *these* is ten lines off, with five plural nouns between.

We are tempted to close with a nugget of good sense respecting composition, which may be found in the correspondence of Rousseau, and as it would be a pity to translate it, we may be pardoned for giving it in the original. The passage is the more important because Rousseau notoriously elaborated what he wrote and was a conscious artist:

"Qu'une expression soit ou ne soit pas ce qu'on appelle française ou du bel usage, ce n'est pas de cela qu'il s'agit: on ne parle et l'on n'écrit que pour se faire entendre; pourvu qu'on soit intelligible, on va à son but; quand on est clair, on y va encore mieux: parlez donc clairement pour quiconque entend le français. Voilà la règle, et soyez sûr que, fissiez-vous au surplus cinq cents barbarismes, vous n'en aurez pas moins bien écrit. *Je vais plus loin*, et je soutiens qu'il faut quelquefois faire des fautes de grammaire pour être plus lumineux. C'est en cela, et non dans toutes les pédanteries du purisme, que consiste le véritable art d'écrire."

We are bound to say that this doctrine is by no means foreign to Mr. Wendell, as any reader of his pages will see.

Dante's Treatise 'De Vulgari Eloquentiâ.' Translated into English, with explanatory notes, by A. G. Ferrers Howell. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

It is to be regretted that we have not a complete and uniform English translation of all Dante's works, for to the student of history and letters all that Dante wrote possesses the exceptional value of an authoritative document. In many and varied subjects, in questions of science, government, literature, and philology, he throws light on an interesting period of history. In his minor works especially, he was almost the only writer of the day who bore witness to the changes through which Italy was passing in language and literature no less than in politics and religion. Such "documents" must, of course, be made accessible to the general reader and student as well as to the specialist. In Germany, thanks to that passion for translating into the vernacular masterpieces of all languages which was one of the best traits of the romantic movement, Kannegiesser and Förster had published by 1845 satisfactory renderings of all Dante's minor works. But the English tongue has not been so fortunate. The 'Lyrics,' indeed, were translated as early as 1835, and the 'New Life' in 1846, but it was not until 1879 that the treatise 'On Monarchy' appeared, and not until 1889 that the 'Banquet' was satisfactorily rendered into English. There still remained four minor pieces of various value: (1) Dante's Letters—important remnants of his public and private correspondence; (2) the treatise 'On the Relations of Land and Water'—a marked example of Dante's eager interest in scientific inquiry: (3) certain Eclogues—communications, in what seems to us the most artificial of forms, addressed to Giovanni del Virgilio, one of the most interesting of the early humanists; and (4) a treatise 'On the Vulgar Tongue.' For a creditable translation of this last from the vigorous but crabbed Latin in which it is written, we owe our thanks to Mr. Howell.

The treatise 'On the Vulgar Tongue' is of interest both to the pure philologian and to the general student of literature. To the philologian it recommends itself as the earliest Italian work whose author recognized the common basis of the Romance languages and had an inkling of their historical relation to Latin; even though it frequently disappoints him by a too frequent use of the purely subjective and deductive methods, which Dante owed to his scholastic studies, at just the points where facts objectively considered for purposes of induction would be most interesting and valuable. Whatever the worth, however, of its information on linguistic matters, the treatise leaves on the reader an impression of great nobility. Dante himself shows in it. At a time when the early humanism was beginning to be dominant, and a senile Latin to tyrannize over the new-born Italian, the master could see in the vernacular the high worth of that which is the instrument of our daily needs, however intimate or common they may be.

"The Vulgar Tongue," he says, "is that which we acquire without any rule, by imitating our nurses. We afterwards have another secondary speech, which the Romans called Grammar. Few, however, acquire the use of this secondary speech, because we can only be guided and instructed in it by the expenditure of much time and by assiduous study. Of these two kinds of speech, also, the Vulgar Tongue is the nobler, as well because it was the first employed by the human race as because the whole world makes use of it, though it has been divided into different forms of utterance and words. It is also the nobler as being natural to us, whereas the other is rather of an artificial kind; and it is of this nobler form of speech that we intend to treat."

To the attentive reader, moreover, this fragmentary treatise marks something like an epoch in Dante's life. Internal evidence assigns it to the earlier years of his exile, and most scholars agree that it was written about 1305, just before the 'Banquet,' the sceptical Scartazzini alone placing it later. But what is most significant about it is that in it Dante is midway between the love-sonneteer of the 'New Life' and the great thinker and poet of the 'Divine Comedy.' Shorter pieces, sonnets, ballades, and the like, no longer attract him, nor has he yet risen to the ambitions of his later all-embracing 'Comedy.' The *Canzone*, a much longer form of composition than the sonnet, answering roughly to the elaborate ode of the eighteenth century, seems to him most worthy of an author's ambition. "Now, that the whole of the art of poetic song is embraced in *Canzoni* appears from the fact that whatever is found in the art is found in them. . . . For all the utterances of the highest mental powers of illustrious poets* are found in *Canzoni* alone. Wherefore, in reference to the subject now before us, it is clear that the matters which are worthy of the highest vulgar tongue ought to be handled in *Canzoni*." To the theory of the *Canzone*, then, with all its problems for subtlety and deftness, the poet is devoting

*Dante's own extraordinary phrase is, "Quicquid de cacuminibus illustrium capitum profluxit ad labia."

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himself already. His earnestness warns the reader that this trained hand will find work more worthy of it. Already Dante feels that something separates him from his fellows. The theme of one is always love, he says; that of others arms. His, and his alone, is the theme of "righteousness."

Mr. Howell's rendering, though not preëminent for smoothness and fluency, has in general triumphed over the peculiar difficulties which he had to meet. His notes are, so far as they go, accurate; but they are designed for the most cursory reader. The main facts concerning Cino da Pistoia's life (p. 98), for instance, are already at hand in several books of reference with which any one who is likely to use the translation must be familiar. What is much more important than dates and titles is a full statement of Cino's part in that school of poetry which Dante did so much to found and to perpetuate—the *dolce stil nuovo*. Indeed, the treatise 'On the Vulgar Tongue,' though not written for that purpose, can best serve us as a guide to the literature of the thirteenth century. It is in their dealing with the structure and sequence of the various schools of that literature that Mr. Howell's notes are weakest.

Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative. By Herbert Spencer. Library Edition, containing seven essays not before republished, and various other additions. 3 vols., 8vo, pp. 478, 466, 516. With an alphabetical index. D. Appleton & Co. 1891.

THE theory of ethics which has latterly been taking shape under the hands of Stephen, Spencer, and others, is, from a practical point of view, one of the most important boons that philosophy has ever imparted to the world, since it supplies a worthy motive to conservative morals at a time when all is confused and endangered by the storm of new thought, the disintegration of creeds, and the failure of all evidences of an exalted future life.

The little of new which is contributed to the ethical theory in the present edition of Mr. Spencer's essays is contained in the essays on the "Ethics of Kant" and on "Absolute Political Ethics." It was hardly to be expected that the additions would go to enhance Mr. Spencer's well-built-up reputation. The popularity of his doctrine has probably passed its meridian. In one of the new essays, he quotes with admiration Huxley's fine saying, "Science commits suicide when it adopts a creed." That is just the principle of death lurking in Spencer's philosophy. It is a creed in that it is erected upon axioms founded only on the inconceivability of their contradictory opposites, and regarded as absolutely indubitable. One of the seven essays mentioned on the title-page refers to the discussion concerning the a-priori origin of axioms. Few psychologists, if any, would now dispute the instinctive origin of the ideas from which the three laws of motion have become evolved under the influence of experience and reflection. But it is a widely different thing to say that these laws are without doubt exactly true. For such a belief there cannot be the slightest warrant. In the same way, it may be true that all scientific reasoning postulates something which men seek to formulate as the general uniformity of nature; but it by no means follows that reasoning cannot discover that this postulate is not exactly true. That would be like insisting that because astronomy rests on observations, therefore the astronomer cannot deduce from these observations their probable error. Science or philosophy cannot itself commit suicide; but a method of inquiry which provides no means for the rectification of its first principles, has mixed and swallowed its own poison and has to expect an inevitable doom. What explains the success of modern science is that it has pursued a method which corrects its own premises and conclusions. It reminds us of certain methods of arithmetical computation where mistakes of ciphering have no effect but what disappears as the process goes on. In like manner philosophical inquiry, which necessarily begins in ignorance, must not pursue a method by which the error of its first assumptions is allowed to retain its full effect to the end, or else it will come to naught.

The most interesting of the new essays is that "On the Factors of Organic Evolution," in which the author urges almost irresistibly the indirect evidence of the transmission of acquired characters. As in the question of spontaneous generation, the direct evidence is feeble, if not quite wanting. But the force of general facts and indirect considerations would appear, at least to onlookers of the controversy, as sufficient to remove all doubt. Spencer well says that many of the modern evolutionists are more Darwinian than Darwin ever was; yet in part the reverse is true. The intellectual motive which has prompted evolutionary speculation in biology is the desire to discover the laws which determine the succession of generations. This involves in some sense a "postulate" that the phenomena are subject to law; but to jump to the assumption made by neo-Darwinians that the form of each individual is a mathematical resultant of the forms of its ancestors, is not to be more Darwinian than Darwin, but, on the contrary, it is seriously to maim his theory.

Spencer cites the old dogma that Nature abhors a vacuum as an example of a merely verbal explanation. A reader of Boyle's attack upon the maxim, made while it was a living belief, would hardly so judge it, since Nature was conceived as a sort of living being mediating between the Creator and the universe. Yet, as Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum remained somewhat unreasonable, Spencer is right in saying that the theory gave little help towards understanding the facts. But what, then, shall we say of a theory which proposes to explain all growth and its inexhaustible manifold of results by the law of the conservation of energy—that is, by a mere uniformity in the motion or matter, a mere general description of certain phenomena? To suppose an intelligence, provided only we can see its acts intelligently, is to suppose that which is intelligible *par excellence*. But to suppose that blind matter is subject to a primordial law, with nothing but an Unknowable beyond, would seem to leave everything as incomprehensible as well could be, and so fail completely to fulfil the function of a hypothesis.

Besides, the law of *vis viva* is plainly violated in the phenomena of growth, since this is not a reversible process. To explain such actions—of which viscosity and friction are examples—physicists resort to the consideration of the chance encounters between trillions of molecules, and it is an admirable scientific feature of the Darwinian hypothesis that, in order to account for a similar irreversible operation, that of growth, it equally resorts to the doctrine of chances in its fortuitous variations. The attempt of some of Darwin's followers to drop this feature of the theory is unscientific. It is also destructive of the theory, for if any laws of heredity are followed with mathematical exactitude, it becomes at once evident that the species of animals and plants cannot have arisen in anything like the manner in which Darwin supposed them to arise.

Another interesting part of this essay is where the author draws attention to the strong evidence of an enormous direct effect upon animal and vegetable forms due to the circumambient element. Such considerations strengthen Mr. Clarence King's suggestion that transmutations of species have chiefly been caused by geological changes of almost cataclysmic magnitude and suddenness, affecting the chemical constitution of the atmosphere and ocean.

In the essay, or prepared "interview," on "The Americans," Spencer holds, it will be remembered, that we carry the gospel of work too far.

Usambara und seine Nachbargebiete. Von Dr. Oscar Baumann. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer. 8vo, pp. 375.

THIS stout book is an elaborate description of the northernmost of the East African countries recently acquired by Germany. It is based on the personal observations of the author during two explorations made in 1888 and 1890. The territory described comprises a strip of the continent extending from the coast opposite the island of Pemba, just to the north of Zanzibar, in a northwest direction as far as the mountain Kilimanjaro. Its extent is estimated at 45,900 square kilometres, with some 156,000 inhabitants of various races and tribes. The author divides it into coast-land, *Vorland*, steppe, and the hill-region, and each is treated separately and in detail—its physical features, its fauna and flora, its people and their manners and customs. He begins with the coast, describing the various ports with extreme minuteness, even to the mention of the beer-saloon of Tanga, a town which is the home of twenty Germans as well as the seat of a garrison.

The most interesting part of the book is that relating to the life of the natives, who, in the various regions, differ very much in their customs. Some of the tribes, for instance, practise circumcision. One is distinguished by the worship of its ancestry. Another offers sacrifices to its dead to ward off the misfortunes which their spirits are supposed to bring to their families. In another a murderer is sold as a slave, unless his property suffices to satisfy the claims of the relatives of his victim, while in others he is executed. One tribe was visited which did not live in villages, but in scattered huts or on farms, as it were. Particularly interesting are Dr. Baumann's accounts of the children, the girls who play with dolls, and the ceremonies attending their coming of age and marriage, as well as the dances and music of the several tribes. The English missions are referred to in a kindly spirit, but an unfavorable report is made of their work and influence. Islam, on the other hand, is spreading rapidly among some of the coast tribes.

The closing chapter deals with the climate as affecting Europeans—the coast being fairly healthy and the *Vorland* unhealthy—and the value of the country for commercial and colonial purposes. In its present condition this value is small, as the population is scanty, and a large part of the country is exposed to the periodical ravages of the Masai, who absolutely prohibit cattle-raising by driving off all the herds. There are no indications of coal or minerals, except that iron is found in the mountain streams of Pare. It is taken out and washed like gold, chiefly by the women, who also do much of the smelting and smith's work in making spears and swords. The au-

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thor advocates strongly the construction of a railway from the port of Tanga to a point ninety kilometres distant in the interior, where two important caravan routes meet, the one going to the Victoria Nyanza, the other through Ugogo to Lake Tanganyika. From the latest advices this has been determined upon, and an engineer has been sent out to survey the route.

An appendix contains reports on the author's collection of edible plants, of butterflies, and of skulls. There are also lists of words in divers native languages, and several of the African songs and dances are set to music. The large map of the country is an admirable piece of work, and reflects great credit upon Dr. Baumann, who regards it as his most important task and considers the book to be subsidiary to it. In addition to the general map are others, showing the distribution of the races, the density of the population, the distribution of the food plants, and the geology of the country. The author's style is clear, and his descriptions are vivid, while the general appearance of the book is very attractive.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Bibliographical Catalogue of Macmillan & Co.'s Publications from 1843 to 1889. Macmillan & Co. $3.
Ball, Thomas. My Threescore Years and Ten. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Bartlett, John. Familiar Quotations. 9th ed. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Barrie, J. M. Auld Licht Idylls. Cassell Publishing Co. $1.50.
Bate, W. S. Wayside Voices. New York: The Author.
Behnke, Emil. Stammering, its Nature and Treatment. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Boldrewood, Rolf. A Sydney-Side Saxon. Macmillan & Co. $1.
Bristol, E. L. M. Before He Was Born. New York: The Author. 50 cents.
Brooks, Noah. The Boy Settlers. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
Brown, Alex. J. Popular Recitations. New York: Excelsior Publishing House. 25 cents.
Brown, Prof. G. B. The Fine Arts. [University Extension Manuals.] Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.
Bynner, E. L. The Chase of the Meteor, and Other Stories. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Caine, Hall. The Scapegoat. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Cone, Helen G. The Ride to the Lady, and Other Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. 28. How—Ing. Macmillan & Co. $3.75.
Driver, Prof. S. R. An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament. [International Theological Library.] Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.
Earle, Alice M. The Sabbath in Puritan New England. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
Edwards, Rev. Tryon. A Dictionary of Thoughts. Cassell Publishing Co. $5.
Ewing, Juliana H. Last Words. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Gilman, N. P., and Jackson, E. P. Conduct as a Fine Art. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Goldsmith, Milton. Rabbi and Priest. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.
Gore, Prof. J. H. Geodesy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Harris, A. L. The Fatal Request. Cassell Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Heimburg, W. A Maiden's Choice. Worthington Co.
Holmes, O. W. The Poet at the Breakfast Table. Riverside Edition. Vol. III. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Holmes, O. W. Over the Tea Cups. Riverside Edition. Vol. IV. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Howe, Maud. Phillda. John W. Lovell Co. $1.
Kerolenko. In Two Moods. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Kirkland, Joseph. The Captain of Company K. Chicago: Donohue, Henneberry & Co. 50 cents.
Kipling, Beatrice. The Heart of a Maid. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Landon, M. D. ("Eli Perkins"). Thirty Years of Wit. Cassell Publishing Co. $1.50.
Lillie, Lucy C. The Squire's Daughter. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Lippmann, Julie M. Jock o' Dreams. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Loftie, W. J. Westminster Abbey. New ed. London: Seeley & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $2.25.

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